# MONKEES & ME CLOSEST FRIEND TELLS ALL!

APR/25c

# 16 MAGAZINE

PDC

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MICKY–"MY CHILDHOOD PIX"

PETER–"MY DARKEST HOUR"

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*McENERY STORY SCOOP TOO!

# Monkees & Me

## BY DAVID PEARL

**The Monkees' best friend — the one and only person who really knows what's happenin' with the Monkees — tells ALL about the boys' unbelievably beautiful, gloriously crazy "in person" gig in Hawaii! YOU too will be there in person when you read this on-the-scene story!**

THE DEPARTURE TIME of Davy Jones, Peter Tork, Mike Nesmith and Micky Dolenz – known to the world as *The Monkees* – from the Los Angeles Airport for Hawaii last December 1, was one of the best kept secrets in show business. Not that the boys wouldn't want the world to know, but it had been decided by the "upper echelons" that the start of the Monkees' first live "in person" appearance would be *strictly business*. In other word, *no unnecessary obligations or distractions*. This meant that not only were there no press people at the airport, but there were no fans either. The Monkees didn't seem to notice this or say anything about it, but I knew they would have preferred a bit more of a send-off. Like they were about to do the biggest gig of their entire life and *all* was super quiet on the Western front!

Boarding the jet with the Monkees was their road manager, Rick Klein, *Monkees* producers Bob Rafelson and Bert Schneider, Screen Gems V-P Steve Blauner, choreographer David Winters, publicist Howard Brandy and me, your author. The flight to Hawaii was very enjoyable. There were only four other passengers in the first-class section, so we practically had the whole cabin to ourselves.

### CARDS, CHAMPAGNE AND "MAGIC"

The flight took about five hours and most of this time sped by as we ate a groovy dinner and watched Cary Grant in *Walk Don't Run*. About an hour was consumed by playing cards (gin rummy, poker and blackjack) and, as usual, Davy Jones won. I really believe that Davy has a fairy godmother watching over him. Like he always wins. *Always!* We are all beginning to think that maybe Davy should stop working and start playing cards for a living.

On each flight to Honolulu, United Airlines has a kind of contest for the passengers in first-class. Each passenger is allowed to guess how much time he thinks it will take for the plane to reach the halfway mark on the flight – and the one who comes closest to the correct time wins a bottle of champagne. The stewardess wrote all our guesses down and at the halfway mark she brought out the list, compared the guesses to the actual flying info the captain had given her, and – guess who won? That's right. Davy Jones. Grinning with delight, Davy draped a serviette over his arm and personally served the champagne in iced glasses to the four "outside" passengers who were sharing first-class with us. They really were thrilled and delighted.

Davy got his come-uppance during the trip, however – and it was Micky who gave it to him. Micky is very good at card tricks, and he duped Davy into being his "straight man." Micky would pull the same trick over and over on Davy, who was astounded and confounded by Micky's "magic". Davy never did figure out *how* Micky did it! He just kept muttering his latest favorite expression, "You *swine!*"

All during the card shenanigins on the flight, Peter quietly read magazines and a paperback book or two. I think that

**Continued on Page 14**

**FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE—A LARGER-THAN-LIFE COLOR POSTER OF**

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# MICKY DOLENZ ★ MIKE NESMITH

**MONKEE'S BIGGEST POSTER** APRIL 1967

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# 16 MAGAZINE

**TOP FAVORITE OF OVER FIVE MILLION TEENERS!**

**VOL. 8** **APR. 1967**

**No. 11**


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Giant Color Pin-Up | 2 | THE MONKEES |
| "The Monkees & Me" | 3 | DAVY, MIKE, MICKY & PETER SCOOP |
| "My Life In Pix" | 6 | MICKY DOLENZ |
| Davy Jones Introduces — | 8 | LYNNE RANDELL |
| Group City | 9 | DON & THE GOOD TIMES |
| Your Problems Solved | 10 | DEAR CHER — & SONNY |
| "I Need Your *Help!*" | 12 | HERMAN |
| 10 Things You Never Knew About — | 18 | PETER McENERY |
| Color Pin-Up | 19 | PETER McENERY |
| Dreamsville | 20 | WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE |
| "My Hidden Past" | 22 | PETER TORK |
| Spot The Errors | 27 | $$$ WIN $$$ |
| Monkees' Mailbox | 28 | MONKEES ANSWER *YOUR* LETTERS |
| "Trippin' Out" | 30 | GUEST GURU — RUDY THE BEAUTY |
| "My Secrets" | 32 | PAUL REVERE |
| "What I'm *Hiding*" | 33 | MARK LINDSAY |
| Giant Signed Color Pin-Up | 34 | PHIL "FANG" VOLK |
| "Stop Hate" | 36 | MIKE "SMITTY" SMITH |
| "How To Be Happy" | 37 | JIM "HARPO" VALLEY |
| La Gatita | 38 | THE LO-DOWN |
| "My Happiest Day" | 40 | MIKE NESMITH |
| Beatle News | 44 | JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE & RINGO |
| Flip Out With — | 48 | FRENCHY'S FREAKIES |
| The Poop On The Group | 50 | GEEGEE'S GOSSIP |
| "My Life In Pix" | 52 | DAVY JONES |
| "Win A Day With Me" | 54 | DAVY JONES CONTEST |
| Ricci Rats On — | 58 | DINO, DESI & BILLY |
| They Tell On Each Other! | 61 | THE DAVE CLARK 5 |
| The Real — | 62 | LEONARD NIMOY |
| You're Telling Me! | 64 | GLORIA STAVERS' MAIL |
| Color Pin-Up | 68 | RAIDERS RAVE-UP! |


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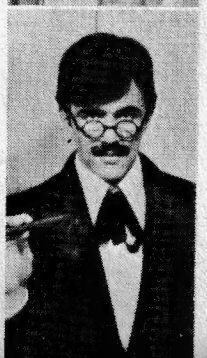
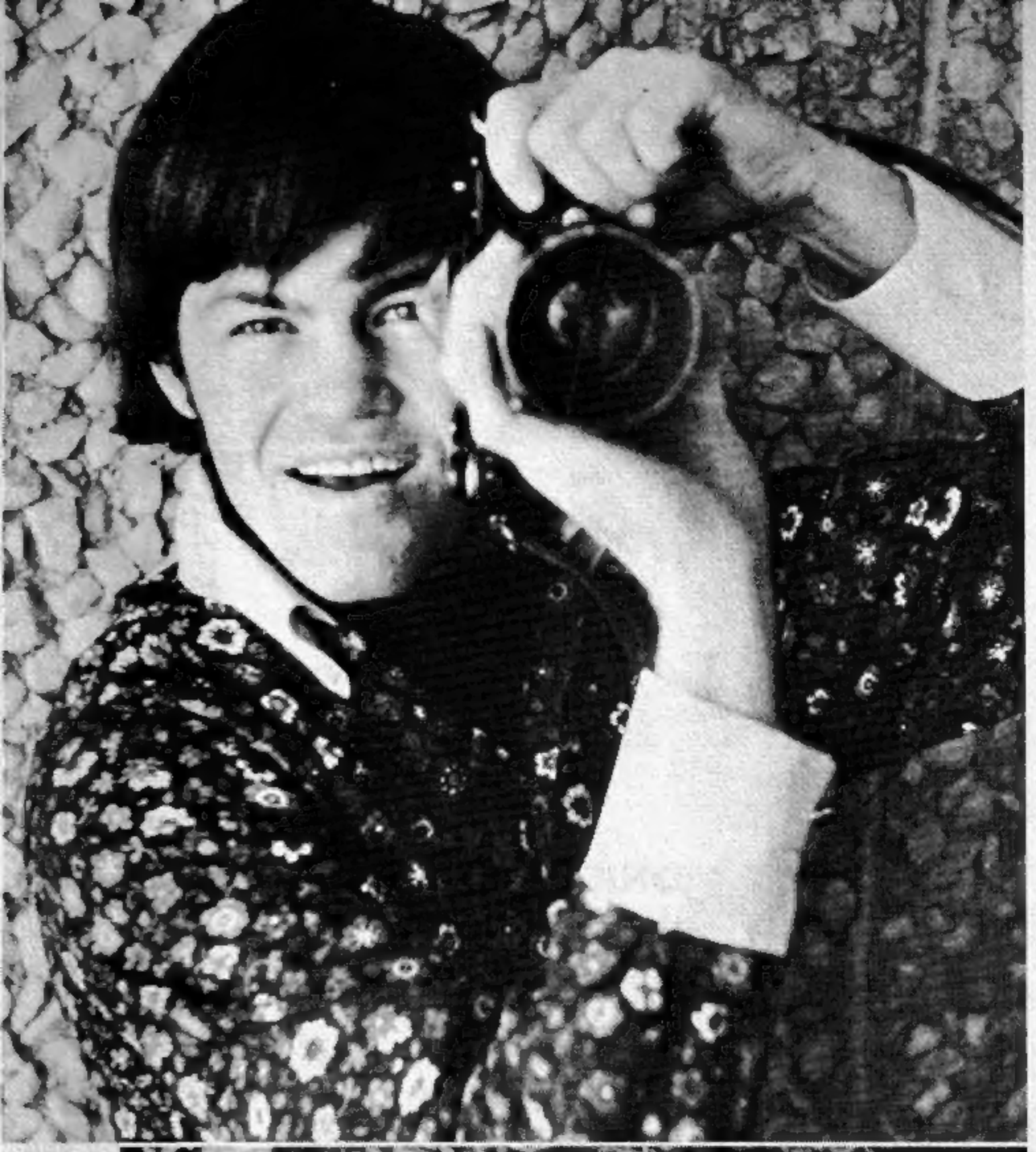
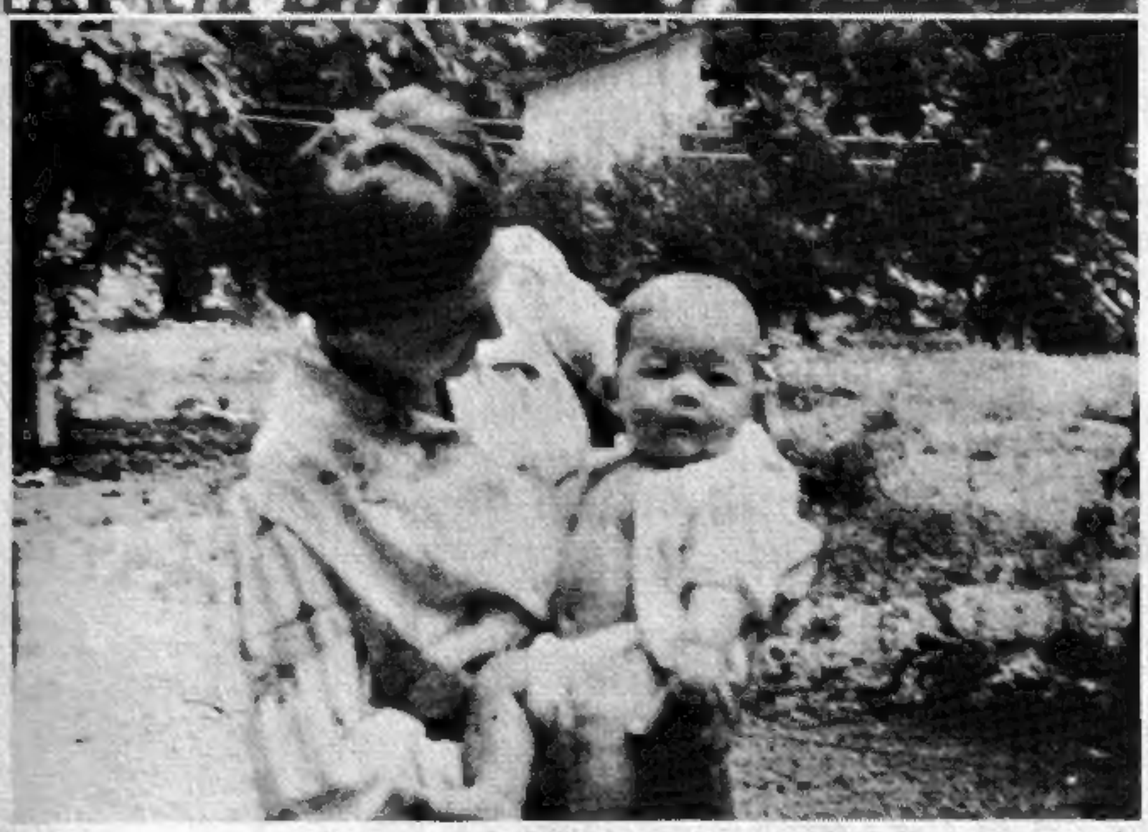




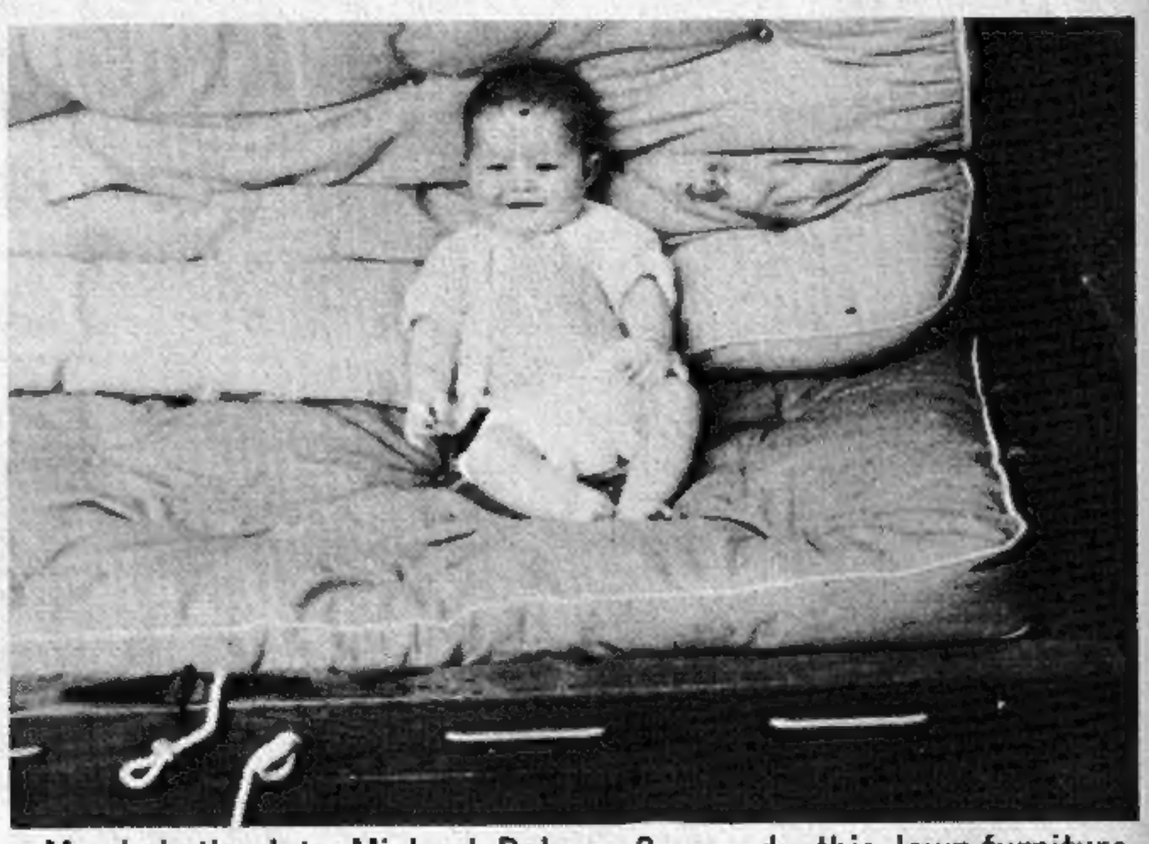
# *"My Life Story in Pix"*
# *by*
# MICKY DOLENZ

***Micky takes you back, back, BACK to his humble beginnings as a tiny tot eager to make his way in the world. It's quite a trip—so hold on!***

GREETINGS, Monkee-Maniacs — at least, I **hope** you are Monkee-Maniacs. It's me, Micky Dolenz, and I'm about to lay the story of my life on you from the very beginning. So hold on to my arm and away we go!



This is one of the very first pictures ever taken of me. I was six months old and we lived in Tarzana, in the San Fernando Valley, California. My mom Janelle is holding me.



My dad, the late Michael Dolenz, Sr., made this lawn-furniture couch I'm sitting on. I was seven months old when this picture was taken and even then I loved to pose for the camera.

Here I am with my mom's mom, whom I call "Mamoo". I nicknamed her that when I first learned to talk, and the whole family still calls her that.

At the age of one year, I learned to walk by holding on to my tailor-tot. When I first learned to write, I wrote on the top of this picture ". . . him is his mammas poonka wanka poonka."

When I was 14 months, mom had this baby photo booklet on me made.

Smile for the camera? You bet.

Laugh? Oh, I can do that too.

More? How's this?

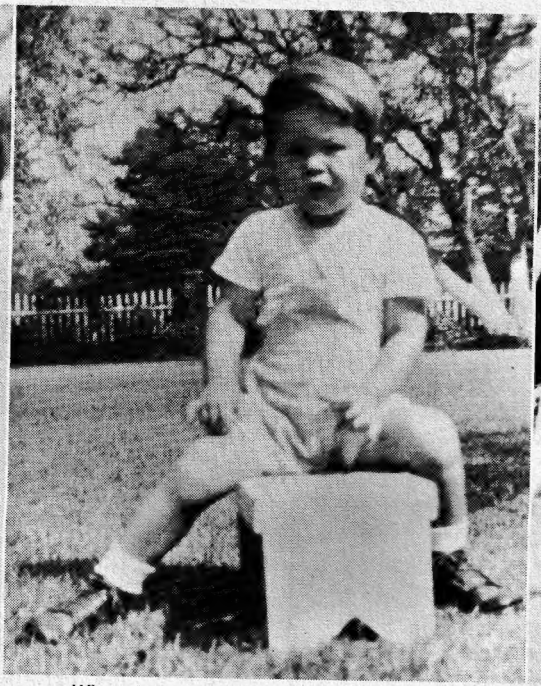
When I get started, I can't stop —

Even biting my tongue doesn't —

— seem to help very much!

Okay, ma? Can I stop now?

Here is a picture of me strolling along by Lake Arrowhead at the age of three. Those two ladies in Capri pants in the background are my mom and "Mamoo".

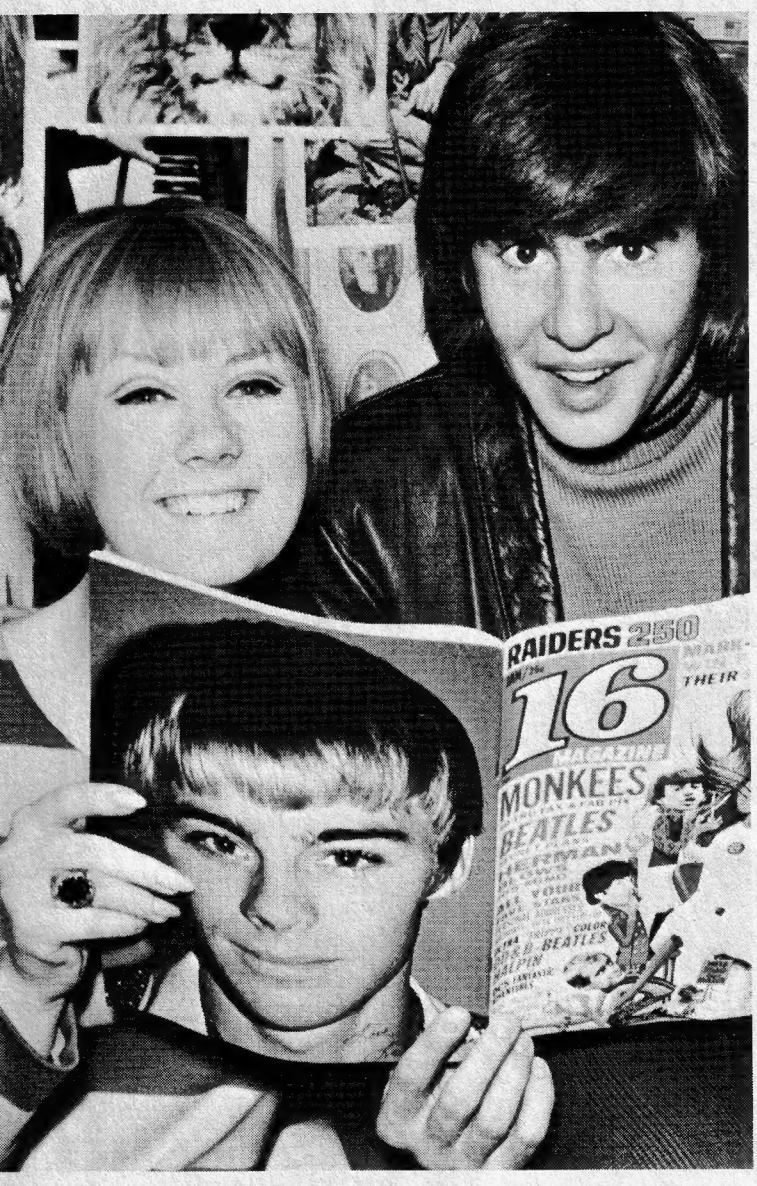


When I was three and a half, we moved into a large house on Camarillo Street in North Hollywood. The house had been built by Bing Crosby, and he and his family had lived in it for a while.

At the house on Camarillo Street we had three acres of land — and that was plenty of room to play in. My sisters and I had our own private "playground" and our own swimming pool. It was a gas.

**Ah — I've suddenly run out of space. Well, I'll have to save the rest of me till next issue. Chapter Two of "My Life Story In Pix" will appear in the May issue of 16 (which goes on sale March 21st). I'll meet you right here then!**

# INTRODUCING
# LYNNE RANDELL




**Lynne with Davy at 16's New York offices.**

*The Lucky Australian Lass Who Got A Helping Hand From DAVY JONES!*

HI! My name is Lynne Randell, and I guess I'm just about one of the luckiest girls in the whole world. You see, I am only 17, I've had a hit record back in my homeland (Australia), I've just signed an American recording contract with Epic Records, and on my very first trip to the States I met Davy Jones and Gloria Stavers, the editor of *16* Magazine! Here's how it all happened:

After making several recordings in Melbourne, I finally clicked with a hit that went all the way to number one on the Australian charts. Well, I guess somebody at Epic Records heard it and liked it, because I was offered a recording contract with that label.

For me, coming to America was like having a dream come true. I guess every singer, no matter what country he or she is from, longs to come to America and cut records. Anyway, that's exactly what I did – and the first night I was in the States, the most fantastic thing of all happened to me.

One of the Epic people had arranged to take me and my manager, Carol West, to see Dusty Springfield at New York's famous Basin Street East night club. After we sat down, I looked around – and guess who I saw sitting a table away? My favorite Monkee – Davy Jones! For a long time I sat there trying not to stare at Davy – who, incidentally, is even better looking in person than he is on the TV show. Before the evening was over, one of the recording people introduced everybody at our table to everybody at Davy's table, and as we were the two youngest people in the group it was only natural that Davy and I started chatting with each other.

First off, let me tell you this: there is no nicer, friendlier or more down-to-earth person in the whole world than Davy Jones. For instance, he asked me about myself and when he found that I had just come to America to cut records and that I knew no one, he set about trying to help me. "I will introduce you to Gloria Stavers of *16* Magazine," Davy told me, "and I am sure she can help you. I will also introduce you to Don Kirschner, President of Screen Gems. I'm sure he will have some songs for you".

Davy talked on for a quite a while (I could hardly believe my ears) and he *did every single thing he said he was going to do* in spite of the fact that he and David Pearl were only in New York for the weekend and they had a thousand important things to do! I would like to add that everywhere Davy goes, young people spot him – and no matter how big a hurry he is in, or what is on his mind, he stops everything to spend time listening to, talking with and autographing pictures for his fans.

Before I left New York – because of meeting Davy – I met many other wonderful and helpful Americans. I met the Rascals, Paul Simon, hit songwriters Barry and Cynthia Mann, folksinger-composer Phil Ochs, Mr. Kirschner, Miss Stavers and (surprise!) Mark Lindsay, who happened to be in New York doing a special photo layout for *16* Magazine. I also recorded my first bands for Epic Records – *Patty Cake, Stranger In My Arms, I Need You Boy* and *Ciao Baby*. At this moment, I don't know which will be released as a single record, but I hope it will be *Ciao Baby*. And I hope you dig it – so that I can give you wonderful Americans something in return for all you have done for me, become your friend, and maybe even come and live here for a while one day.

## FAX BOX

**Lynne Randell, 17, was born in Liverpool, England, but her family moved to Melbourne, Australia, when she was four. Lynne has had four top-ten and one number-one hit records, and she was recently voted Australia's Most Popular Girl Singer. She is 5'3" tall, has blonde hair and blue-green eyes. You can write to Lynne at: Epic Records, 51 West 52nd Street, New York, N.Y.**

# GROUP CITY

*Presents Those Super New Action Stars,*

# DON & THE GOOD TIMES!

Don & The Goodtimes: **left to right, top row:** Ron Overman and Bob Holden; **middle:** Don Gallucci; **bottom row:** Charlie Coe and leader Don McKinney

**GROUP CITY this month salutes Don & The Goodtimes, the fab new stars of** Where The Action Is. **Don McKinney is the peerless leader of the Goodtimes, and the group also includes Don Gallucci, Charlie Coe, Ron Overman and Bob Holden.**

**Two years ago D & G were just another group, but counting their blessings (they made an impressive appearance and delivered a distinctive vocal sound) they set out — from Portland, Oregon, where they joined together — to blend their musicianship with showmanship and let the public decide their fate. The public couldn't get enough of them. Soon after their initial appearances, Don & The Goodtimes were riding a reputation that threatened to grow bigger than Mount Rainier. Eventually, they became the most popular group in the Pacific Northwest. But the boys had set their sights on national fame and acceptance, and nothing less than this would satisfy them.**

**Invited to perform at the annual "Y Day in Hollywood" show at the Hollywood Bowl, they were given a rousing reception by 10,000 teeners. And their appearance at the Discoteen in Covina, a city east of Los Angeles, set all-time records at the disco. The waves created by these performances rippled all the way to Dick Clark, and he invited Don & The Goodtimes to appear as guests on** Where The Action Is. **They were introduced during their guest shot by Harpo Valley, a member of the group before he became a Raider, and their single number drew one of the heaviest onslaughts of mail ever to hit** Action.

**As a result, D & G were signed as regulars of the show, and in mid-January the boys got their first taste of the national fame and acceptance they had worked so hard to obtain — making their first official appearance on** Action **with Gloria Stavers, editor of** 16 Magazine, **on hand to introduce them. Here they are as she presented them to you:**

**DON McKINNEY, known as "Big Don," is — as has been noted — the leader of the group. The oldest of the boys (he is 22), Don was born on November 7, stands six feet, weighs 150 pounds and has blue** blue **eyes. Don had planned to be an accountant, but music was his true love and its siren song easily lured him from facts and figures. He sings lead and when necessary solos on the sax. During his leisure hours, such as they are, he enjoys playing pool, sketching, listening to recordings (mainly those made by the Beatles, his fave group), and catching the TV shows he digs the most,** Action **and** Star Trek.

**DON GALLUCCI ("Little Don") was the original "Don" of the group and in fact is mainly responsible for the Goodtimes getting together. Born on October 31, he is 19, stands 5′ 7″, weighs 135 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. "Little Don" is the star musician of the group (he plays the organ). When he's not making beautiful music, he tinkers with model cars, dates girls, tears into a lobster, dates girls, etcetera. By way of explanation of his frequent dating "Little Don" says: "I love to study people."**

**CHARLIE COE is called "The Clown," and celebrated his 20th birthday last November 17. Born in Portland and raised in Boise, Idaho, Charlie is six feet tall, weighs 145 pounds and has auburn hair and brown eyes. He was once a member of Paul Revere & The Raiders and of a couple of other groups before joining the Goodtimes (he took Harpo's place when Harpo left to join the Raiders). Charlie plays lead guitar, is heard in the vocal background, leads on some lyrics and writes some of the group's original tunes. He digs football, yoga, the Beatles, Paul Newman and girls who love to laugh.** Add note: **Feed Charlie pistachio nuts and you've made a lifelong friend.**

**RON OVERMAN celebrated** his **20th on January 7. His nickname is "Buz," which he claims is short for "Buzzard." Ron (or "Buz," as you choose) comes from Walla Walla, Wash., and stands 5′ 10″, weighs 158 pounds. He plays bass guitar and often shares the vocal lead with "Big Don." Blue-eyed Ron is hipped on physical fitness (he exercises nightly with barbells, weights and so on). He also digs movies, the Beatles, the songwriting skills of Lennon and McCartney, and corn on the cob.**

**BOB HOLDEN is the funny guy behind the drums. Born on April 16, Bob is 19, has blond hair and blue eyes, stands 5′ 10″ and weighs 150 pounds. He too was in on the birth of Don & The Goodtimes (a classmate at Madison High in Portland suggested the name to Bob, in fact). Bob's favorites include Michael Caine,** Captain Kangaroo **and, of course,** Action. **He loves to hunt and fish. Some day he hopes to produce records and supervise a huge herd of cattle on a huge ranch.**

**Write to Don & The Goodtimes c/o** Where The Action Is, **9125 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.**

# Dear Cher ..... and Sonny

***If your young life is full of problems there's no need for you to suffer alone. In fact, there's no need for you to suffer at all. Cher — and Sonny — want to help you — right here in the pages of 16!***

**HI! Here we are again — Cher and Sonny — and we're as eager as ever to help you solve your problems. So please, please write to us and tell us what's wrong in your life, and we'll do our absolute best to make it right. If you feel that your problem is something Cher can best help you with, address your letter to Cher. And if you feel that Sonny can best advise you on your particular worry, address your letter to Sonny. You know that you can depend on both of us to help you all we can — and we're always here, in every issue of 16 Magazine.**

Dear Cher,
There are two new boys in my class who seem to be very nice and who are quite cute. Both of them are shy and haven't talked to or taken notice of any girl. I would like to get to know them better, but I don't want to be too forward. Any suggestions?
Los Angeles, Calif. Bashful

• *Dear Bashful,*
*One good trick in a situation like this is to keep yourself in their "sights". Maybe one day these two young hunters will decide it's time to aim at some bird, and if you are standing there you might be the chosen one!*

Dear Cher,
I am 13 years old and I have had the same problem for over two years. I can't seem to make friends with girls. I had one girl friend, but I lost her. The worst thing is that boys seem to like me a lot. When a car passes me, or I go somewhere, I get waved at or yelled at. I want to be friends with girls *and* guys. Please tell me what to do.
Carrollton, Ohio Worried

• *Dear Worried,*
*A girl who is popular with boys usually gets scratched off by girls — simply because they are jealous. I wouldn't worry about it too much, if I were you. I remember when I was your age I didn't have many girl friends either, but by the time I was 14 I had one* really good *girl friend and later got a couple more. I think it's more important to have one or two good girl friends than to be popular with the "gang".*

Dear Cher,
I have terrible pimples and, at times, acne. Please tell me what I can do. I am desperate.
New York City Bumpy

• *Dear Bumpy,*
*There are several things you can do, and here they are—but you really* must do them: *In the future, avoid all fried foods, chocolate, nuts, greasy foods, soda pop with sugar in it (the no-calorie type is better for you), butter and coconut. The next thing you must do is keep your skin clean at all times. Wash your face with a mild soap morning and evening (using a very gentle complexion brush and patting dry with a spotlessly clean towel). Carry some* Fresh Ups *or* Wash 'n' Dry *face cleaners with you to use from time to time during the day if necessary. There are many medicated, tinted make-ups in cream and liquid.* pHisoHex *puts out a very good line—you can get them at your drugstore. If your acne is* bad, *see your family doctor. They have some great new antibiotic injections that really work—I mean, they usually get rid of acne from one to two weeks.*

---

Dear Sonny,
I would like your honest opinion. I have a good complexion, a nice figure and am fairly cute, but I have one thing boys hate—I wear *glasses!* I can't stand them, but I can't see without them. I just lost two boyfriends because of them. I am 14 and really dig guys, but my four-eyes make me lose my cool.
Chicago, Ill. Help!

• **Dear Help!,**
**Hold on there a minute. Wearing glasses may bug you, but it's not all** that **big a problem. First off, eyeglasses are very** in **and very groovy looking these days, as we all know. Maybe you ought to look a little deeper. Maybe you are losing those guys you dig because of some other reason—one you won't even admit to yourself as yet. Give it some thought. Now, if the fact is you have to wear really thick lenses, I can only suggest that you get your parents to take you to a good optometrist who will advise you as to whether or not you can wear contact lenses. Many, many people wear them and love them. (John Lennon and Mark Lindsay do.) Why don't you give it a go?**

Dear Sonny,
I am 13 years old and have an unusual problem. I am really very ugly. People tell me I'm cute just to make me feel good. I only wish I could live up to what they say, but no matter what I do—like try different haircombs or make-up—I just seem to get uglier. Please help me.
Miami, Fla. Ugly

• **Dear Ugly,**
**I have said this before and I repeat: There is** beauty **in each and every one of us. If you would just stop dwelling on your bad points, perhaps your good points would start shining through. The best advice I can give you is to be yourself, to accept yourself and to be honest (but optimistic) in everything you do. Each individual is unique; each of us is endowed with God's great gift of life, and each of us has a mission to fulfill while we are here. In other words, there is a purpose and meaning to all** things **and all** individuals. **Don't deny yours and yourself. You don't have to be a hippy or be** in **with the** in **crowd. An exterior beauty is something that fades, whereas inner beauty grows and grows as the years go by.**

If you have a personal problem of any nature, just write to us at the address below and we will try to help you. Look here — on our Dear Cher and Dear Sonny pages — in *16* each month for your answer. Our address is:

**DEAR CHER (or)**
**DEAR SONNY**
**16 Magazine**
**745 Fifth Avenue**
**New York, N.Y. 10022**

# What's YOUR problem, little girl?

**Are you SHY?**

**Unpopular?**

**TOO FAT?**

*TOO SKINNY?*

**TOO TALL?**

**TOO SHORT?**

*In other words—*
*DO YOU need help?!*

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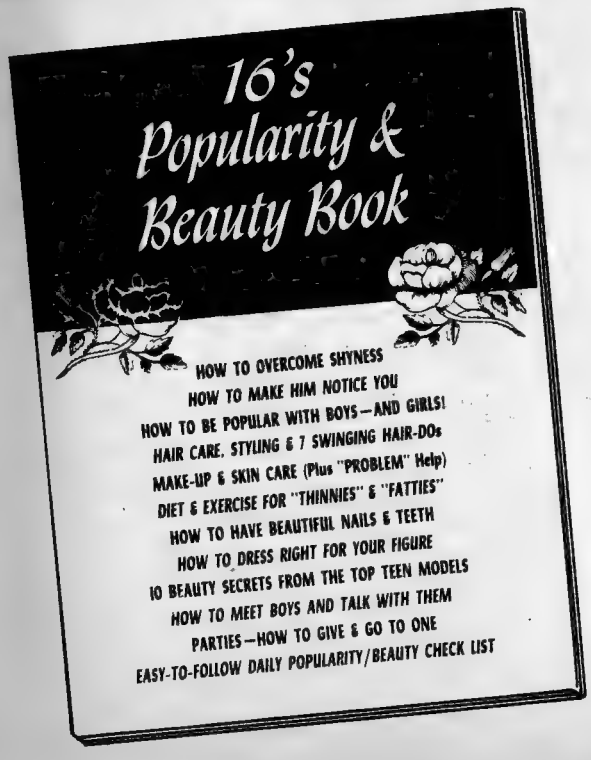
***Send for this marvelous new BOOK***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HOW TO DRESS RIGHT FOR YOUR FIGURE
10 BEAUTY SECRETS FROM THE TOP TEEN MODELS
HOW TO MEET BOYS AND TALK WITH THEM
PARTIES—HOW TO GIVE & GO TO ONE
EASY-TO-FOLLOW DAILY POPULARITY/BEAUTY CHECK LIST

LEARN HOW to overcome shyness. How to get *him* to notice you. Here's a foolproof easy-to-follow step-by-step program that can help make a new *you*—in just weeks! It gives you tried-and-true hints on hair, make-up, grooming, clothes, dieting, exercises. How to make, and *keep* friends of both sexes. How to act, look and be like you've always wanted! Just clip and mail this coupon today!

APRIL 1967

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# HERMAN'S PLEA: "I

★ 16 ★
PIN-UP

# NEED YOUR HELP!"

*HERMAN is in a quandary, a puzzlement.*

*He's got problems with a capital P.*

*ONLY YOU can come to his rescue.*

*So climb aboard your white charger and run, run, RUN to the nearest mailbox and drop him a letter of good advice.*

WOULD YOU BELIEVE that here I am — a guy who isn't really sure what his *real* name is, who doesn't have a place to live, who doesn't know where he *ought* to live and who doesn't know what kind of work he should do? Well, believe it or not, it's true — and that's where you come in. To put it simply, I need your help. You know, help — like in *HELP!* O.K., let's take my problems one at a time. Please read them, and then write and tell me what you think I should do.

First off, my full real name is Peter Blair Denis Bernard Noone (also called "Peebeedeebee" by a few very close friends and a handful of local nuts whom I call my buddies — you'll have to figure out what it means for yourself). As you probably know by now, my chosen professional name is Herman (which can also be pronounced 'Erman or 'Oman — depending on wherever you come from — Manchester, England, or Brooklyn, New York). Anyway, in our movie, *Hold On,* I was billed as Peter Blair Noone. Now, last but not least, deep in my heart there is what I call my *real* name, the name that I like most of all to be called — and that is Pete Noone. That's what all me school chums called me, and I guess it kind of stuck. So, as you can see, I have got quite a problem. An overabundance of names is a bigger hang-up than not having any name at all. Which name do you like best? What do you think I should do? Should I be my full real name, one of my many nicknames, a combination of names, (maybe Herman for singing and Peter Blair Noone if I go into acting?) — or should I just forget the whole thing?!

Secondly (now that I have — I trust — your undivided attention), I don't have anywhere to live. A short while back, the family and I decided to buy a house somewhere away from where we'd lived all our lives. So I went tooting off to Switzerland to buy a chalet. I picked out two really lovely houses, complete with snow-capped mountains and all, and about this time the British Government decided that British subjects are not allowed to spend more than 50 pounds (that's about 150 American dollars) abroad. It's pretty easy to figure out that no shrewd Swiss is going to sell me or you or anybody a whole great, big house for a *mere* $150. So that scotched my plans to move to Switzerland.

Shortly after my Swiss misunderstanding, I spent a few weeks on Jersey Island, a British property in the English Channel near France. The island is a charming resort about fives miles square where many English people vacation for three months out of the year. The island is hilly, so most of the houses are built half on rocks and half on stilts. You know, like you see houses that are perched on the side of a mountain. Anyway, I found one house that I liked and my parents and two little sisters Suzie and Louise, came down for a week. During this week we found out that no property on Jersey Island could be insured because of landslides. I don't have to tell you what the family's reaction to that was. We packed up our suitcases, waved good-bye to Jersey, and sailed off into the sunset — back to merry olde England.

Presently, my folks and I are scouring an area called Kent, which is 50 miles east of London. It is relatively unpopulated farming land. Before I left for my last trip to America, I looked at a load of lovely farm cottages and estates, but that's as far as I got. Now, I'm leaving it up to my mum and dad, who by the way, have just moved into a new house one-half mile away from our old house in Huyton, Liverpool. Just where we will eventually live is up to them. I think they favor Kent. But my problem isn't where I'm going to live on the *other* side of the Atlantic — it's where I'm going to live in America. I love this country and hope to work here at least six months out of the year. I am thinking of getting an apartment in New York or renting a house in Los Angeles. I have got to have a "station" in either one of those cities. Maybe you can help me decide — can you?

Lastly, I need your *help* regarding my work. Without a doubt, the Hermits and I will continue to make records *ad infinitum.* But the thing I'm confused about is whether to continue to do one-nighters and concerts all over America, or to concentrate on going into television and movies. A performer really can't do both areas *well.* It's gotta be either those live performances *or* movies and TV shows. On the live performances you get more of a personal contact with the kids whom you meet, but you don't really reach as many as you would if you did movies or TV shows. Naturally, I am in a quandary about where to go in that area of my career.

Help? Yes — it looks like I do need it very much. So — like I said before — when you read my story, if you feel like it take a little time and sit down and tell me what you think I should do. Write soon — and I look forward to hearing from you. You can write to me in care of my sister: Denise Webb, 68 Accacia Avenue, Huyton, Liverpool, England.

# Monkees & Me

Continued from Page 3

Peter is the most serious reader in the group, and he always carries a book or a magazine about with him. Mike? Well, he was the "sleeper" of the group on this flight. I knew that he was privately worrying and wondering about what kind of reception the Monkees were going to get in Hawaii (*all* of the fellows were actually very preoccupied by this same thought), but Mike managed to fall fast asleep and no one was the wiser as to what his inner-thoughts were.

## WELCOME TO HAWAII!

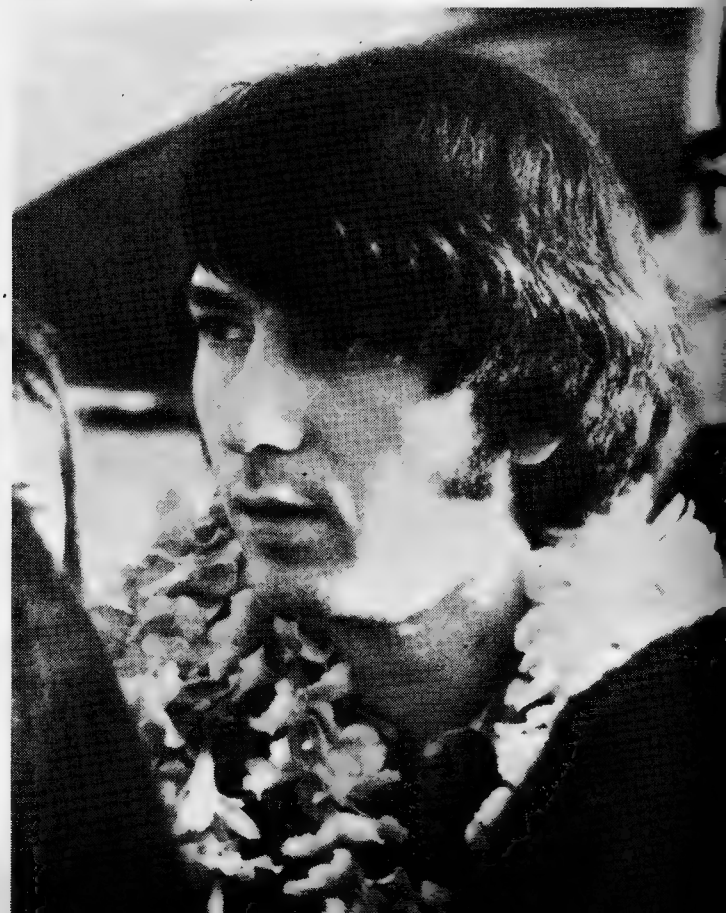
As we circled the Honolulu Airport to prepare for landing, the Monkees pulled themselves together for whatever might be awaiting them below. Mike had on old levis, a denim jacket and beige lace-up type soft moccasins; Davy wore a purple sweater, dark slacks and a black leather jacket; Micky had on dark slacks and a Navy peacoat; and Peter wore slacks, a green and purple striped velour pullover and the red velvet "travel slippers" that we were all given while on the airplane (by the way, Peter wore these slippers during the entire Hawaiian trip!).

When the plane landed, none of us had the slightest idea of what to expect. The landing area is sort of L-shaped, and as you taxi toward the terminal building the place looks absolutely deserted. When the door was flung open and the Monkees walked out, what they saw was unbelievable! It was the most fantastic welcome in the world! None of us had dreamed it would be so fabulous. There were over 2000 screaming fans lined up around the runaway, waving, calling and holding up enormous banners and signs (MONKEES – WELCOME TO HAWAII!, WE LOVE DAVY, MIKE, MICKY & PETER! – and like that). Needless to say, the Monkees were overwhelmed by this reception. Peter was the first to leave the plane and I have never seen him look as happy as he did when he saw the fans. He waved and they all went crazy – screaming even louder and waving back even harder! Next, Micky appeared and the roar of the crowd increased. It was deafening by the time Davy and Mike disembarked. There were lots of kids right *there on the runaway*. Micky walked down the ramp into the crowd & started signing autographs; Then the rest of the boys went down and followed suit. The security guards and deejays from K-Poi Radio notified the Monkees that it was time to get into the limousines and go to the hotel. The boys started to walk away, but the kids didn't want to let them go.

Suddenly, the whole scene became just like a "romp" on *The Monkees* (you know – those wild, running, skipping, hopping and jumping scenes on the TV show). The fans broke through the guards, the boys started to run, and this caused *everyone* to start running. Within seconds, pandemonium reigned supreme! After ten minutes of struggling, the boys were stuffed into the limos. I personally had to pull Davy from the clutches of about fifty girls and almost *carry* him to the car.

The Monkees arrive in Hawaii.

Mike at the Honolulu Airport.



When we were all safely inside the limo, we suddenly realized that in the shuffle we had lost Peter and Tom Moffat, K-Poi's top deejay! The other limo was already passing through the runaway gate when we spotted Peter darting under the airplane. The driver quickly circled the plane and as we drove by, Peter — with the style of a real "romp"-er — jumped on the back of the limo's trunk and away we went! When we passed Tom, we slowed down and he hopped up beside Peter. And they both clung with one hand and waved back at the pack of pursuing fans with the other!

## DAVY DOES THE HULA

Our destination — the Royal Hawaiian Hotel — had been kept top secret, so things were pretty quiet when we arrived there. After the boys checked in and cleaned up, they held a press meeting in Howard Brandy's suite. That took care of business for the day, and we all went to the Queen Surf night club, where they have authentic Hawaiian music and dancing. The highlight of the evening is when the dancers go out into the audience and select customers to teach the hula to — *on the spot!* One of the beautiful hula girls approached our table, studied us, giggled shyly and pointed — right to Davy Jones! Davy is a pretty good dancer, but if you have never done the hula before — well, *watch it!* Anyway, Davy was game (as usual) and his first hula lesson was probably one of the funniest scenes the Monkees have ever gone through — *on* or *off* camera.

## HOW THE MONKEES CAPTURED K-POI

Friday, December 2, was an interesting day for the boys as well as for the regular K-POI listeners (if they could believe their ears when they heard what they heard). The Monkees went to visit the station and once there decided to take over the airways for a while! Micky became K-POI's newest deejay, Micky The D; Mike and Peter alternated in giving the news, weather and farm reports (can you imagine what the local folks thought when they heard Mike Nesmith delivering the latest dairy and egg prices in his thick Texas accent?), and Davy got on the "hot line" and answered Monkee-fans' personal questions about the group. All in all, their Monkee-madness was a smashing success.

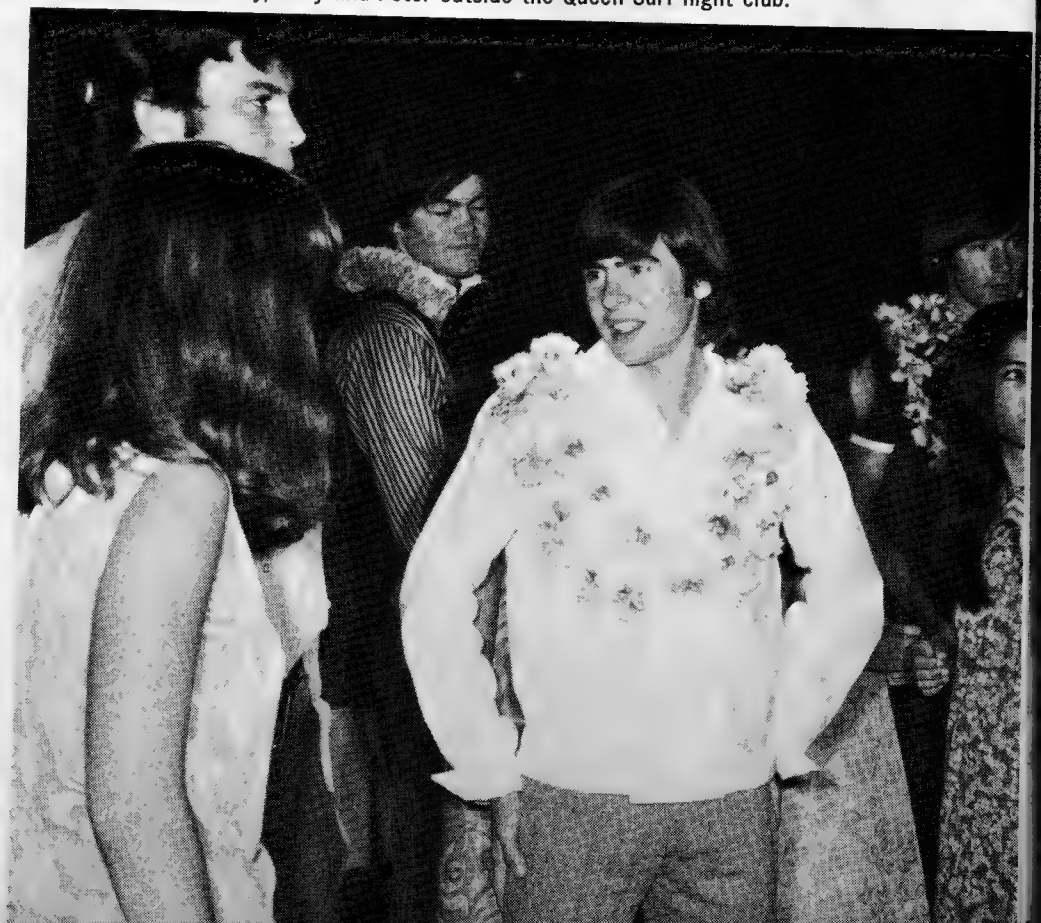
## LIGHTS OUT — THEY'RE ON!

*Success* is a word that would have been an understatement for what happened to the Monkees the following night at their concert. Micky, Mike, Peter and Davy started rehearsing at 8 A.M. at the Honolulu International Center (HIC), Saturday, December 3. I won't tell you about the rehearsal, because that will give away what happened at the actual show, but I will tell you that the guys worked harder than they have ever worked before (which is *very* hard, considering that perfectionists they all are). They went through the entire show twice and were exhausted when they finished rehearsing at 6:15 in the evening — but when the limos came to pick them up to take them to the concert at 9 P.M., they were all bright and fresh and sparkling again. The Monkees wore new black suits, white shirts and paisley ties. As our limos drove up to the private entrance to the backstage of the arena, they were suddenly smothered by hundreds of fans who seemed to appear from out of nowhere. After sitting in total darkness for the ten minutes it took the security guards to clear the way, we entered the backstage area. In their dressing rooms, the boys talked a little about their costume changes and nervously awaited their cue to go onstage.

All at once, all the lights went out in the auditorium. The Monkees were sneaked into two large cabinets, which were made to look like over-sized speakers; the *Monkee Theme* came bouncing out of the real speakers; and two big spotlights flashed down onto the stage just as Davy, Peter, Micky and Mike burst out of their boxes. You would have to hear the deafening roar a sell-out crowd of 8,300 enthusiastic fans can make to believe it. It is a sound none of us shall ever forget as long as we live — and it was *beautiful!*

Davy signs autographs.

David Pearl with Micky, Davy and Peter outside the Queen Surf night club.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**David Pearl is a 22-year-old former Texan who has been living in Hollywood for the past year. David, who has brown hair and brown eyes, knew the Monkees when they were just plain Davy, Peter, Mike and Micky — and he has long been best friends to the group. David, an accomplished bass player, works on the set with the Monkees each day, travels with the boys wherever they go and always shares in their very active social life. In other words, David Pearl is the one and only person who really knows what's happenin' with the Monkees all the time.**

**So, it is with great pride that we announce that from this issue forward David will be writing regularly for 16 Magazine, keeping you 'way ahead of everybody else on what really and truly is happening in the public and private, intimate lives of the Monkees.**

The first tune the boys broke into was *Clarksville,* and the roar of the crowd rose quite a few decibels. I was standing on the edge of the stage, and I could see all the guys' faces light up as the noise grew louder. The tune ended amid great cheering, and the Monkees went into *She's So Far Out She's In* (another lead sung by Micky) unable to hear themselves playing. In this number, the boys started bouncing around the stage, creating havoc in the audience. Whenever one of the guys would look or wave toward one section of spectators, that area would surge up like a wild wave in the ocean — swelling and pushing forward. There were moments when I really worried. It became almost unreal, especially with the eternal popping of thousands of flash bulbs that lighted up the stage like strobe lights — making the Monkees' movements at times look like a revved-up silent movie.

Mike sang *Be The One,* a song with a Western flavor which he wrote and produced himself. It was a slower tune and helped to calm the audience down. After this, Mike picked up his 12-string and started plucking a few strings. Davy went over and picked up his mike (receiving an ovation that made it seem like *20,000* people were in the crowd) and began to sing *I Wanna Be Free.* During his song, various still pictures of Davy were flashed onto two big screens on the backdrop these were alternated with pictures of world leaders and "freedom group" shots were thrown in too). The crowd yelled so loud that it was impossible to hear Davy or the music. Next, Micky sang *Mary Mary* from the Monkees' new LP, and all the while the audience never ceased to show their abundant appreciation for the Monkees' great musical talent — talent which *some* people had previously declared the boys *didn't* really have!

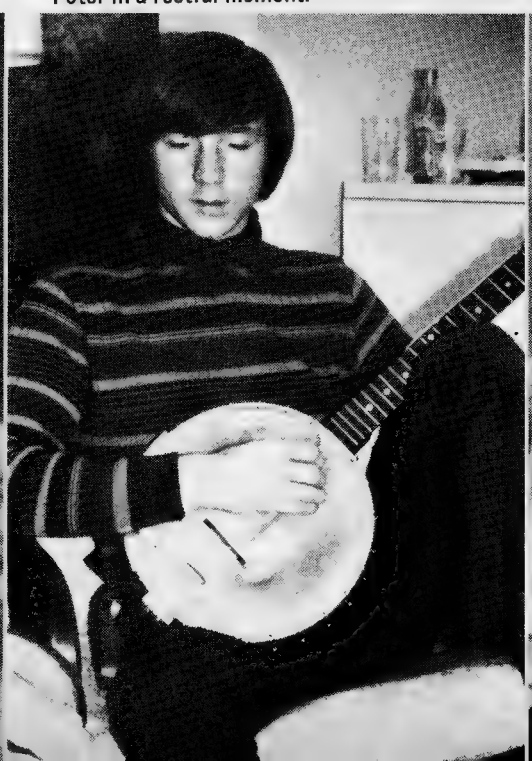
## INSTANT MADNESS

At this point in the show, Mike sang an unreleased ballad, *Prithee,* followed by another one of his tunes from the Monkees first LP, *Sweet Young Thing.* The latter features a fantastic guitar solo which knocked the amazed audience out. Like that number *really* proved where the Monkees are *at* musically once and for all. Davy again picked up the microphone for another new tune. This one was *I Can't Get Her Off My Mind* — and Davy did it with a thick Manchester

**Continued on Page 56**

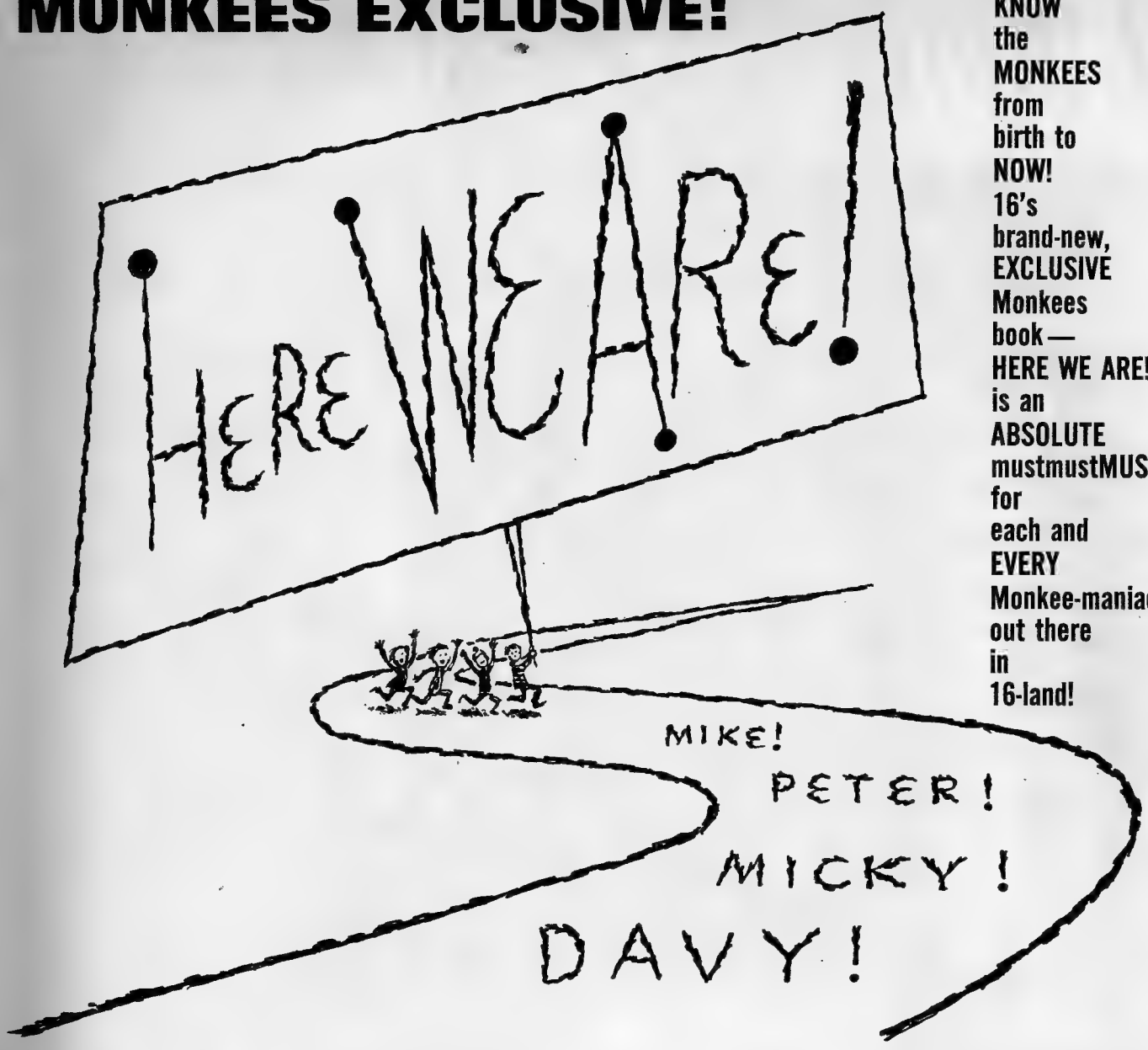
Davy at Radio Station K-POI.

Peter in a restful moment.



Mike in an even **more** restful moment.

# MONKEES EXCLUSIVE!

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# 10 things YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT Peter McEnery

**Peter is a camera bug. He loves to shoot still pictures and use a moving camera. Between takes on any movie he does, you can usually find him off somewhere with a still or moving camera taking photos.**

*Peter is also a "bookworm". He likes to read everything from light fiction to serious history. You can always find one or two of the current best-sellers on Peter's dressing room table.*

Peter has a younger brother (in his early twenties) named David, who is one of London's fastest rising, most talented photographers. David is married and has one child.

**Peter's folks still live in the resort town of Brighton in Sussex, England. When Peter's work prevents him from visiting his parents, he keeps in touch with them by calling once a week from wherever he is.**

Peter has just finished shooting a film in France with Geraldine Chaplin called *I Killed Rasputin.* Before that, he did a movie called *La Curee* (also in France) with Jane Fonda.

*Though he enjoys light comedy and swashbuckling roles, Peter is most interested in becoming well known as a serious actor. Between movies, he plays different dramatic roles in The Royal Shakespeare Company of England.*

**Before Peter would take the leading role in The Fighting Prince Of Donegal, he took fencing lessons at The London School Of Fencing. He was one of the school's prize students, catching on to this difficult art in a very few lessons.**

During the time Peter made *Fighting Prince,* he also appeared evenings at Stratford-on-Avon with the aforementioned Shakespearean company in *The Merchant of Venice* and *The Jew Of Malta.* That meant that every day after completing filming at Pinewood Studios, he would have to drive 90 miles to Stratford for his evening's work.

*Americans may very soon get to see Peter for real. He is slated to come to New York City's Broadway stage in a major role in the Chekhov play The Sea Gull.*

**Peter collects funny cards. His dressing room mirror is always surrounded by recent additions to his collection. The cards and drawings are sent to him by close friends or fans whom he has never met, but he cherishes each piece of mail. If you would like to write to Peter, here's his address: Pavilion House, 10 Marlborough Place, Brighton, Sussex, England.**

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# WING OFF TO DREAMSVILLE | WITH A TICKET FROM 16!

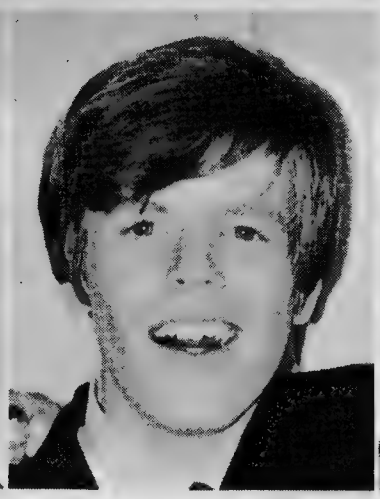
**GOT A WISH? GOT A DREAM? GOT A SECRET LONGING you just can't shake off? Well, then, climb aboard 16's jet express to Dreamsville, where dreams come true and wishes and longings are satisfied to a degree that will flip you onto a cloud so far out you may never make it back to earth again!**

*Hard to believe? Want proof positive? Cast your eyes at the facing page—and you'll see all the dreamy evidence you need. Each girl whose name and home town is printed there is a* **16** *reader who made a wish, dreamed a dream or yearned for something absolutely delightful—and got it! How? Why, just by writting a letter—a simple, easy* **one-page letter**—*to* **16** *Magazine telling exactly what her wish, her dream or her longing was. It was up to* **16** *to make it all come true. And that's exactly what your fave magazine did—as you can see by the dreamy presents each girl received!*

You, too, can wing off to *Dreamsville,* just as easily! All you need do is write a short letter (on *one* side of the sheet only!) telling what you would dearly love to have. Could be a personal phone call — or a personal letter — from your favorite star. Could be a personal keepsake from your dream guy. Could be a pin-up portrait personally autographed by your grooviest group. Could be a whole set of recordings from the top of the charts. Could be any number of delicious things. It's *your* request — so *you* name it. Jot it down on a sheet of paper and mail it to the address below:

**"DREAMSVILLE"**
**16 MAGAZINE**
**BOX 218**
**BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11202**

**After you've mailed your letter, don't fail to get every issue of 16 Magazine and watch the Dreamsville answers page—because that's where you'll see the glorious news that everything you wished for, dreamed of, longed for has come true!**



# DID YOU WIN a TRIP TO DREAMSVILLE ?

## LOOK & SEE

Happy **Harpo** of **Paul Revere And The Raiders** is personally making sure that **JUDY MARQUART of Houston, Texas,** has her own private cloud reserved in Dreamsville. **Harpo** is sending her a large, autographed picture of himself and a little stuffed animal to keep her company up there. Happy dreaming, **JUDY!**

**Lovin' Spoonful** luvver **ROBIN LOWY of New York City** is in Seventh Heaven by now. **John, Zal, Joe** and **Steve** have all signed a large picture of themselves, sent along a copy of their latest Kama Sutra LP, *Hums Of The Lovin' Spoonful,* and as an added bonus they are sending her a surprize gift. Dreamsville does it again!

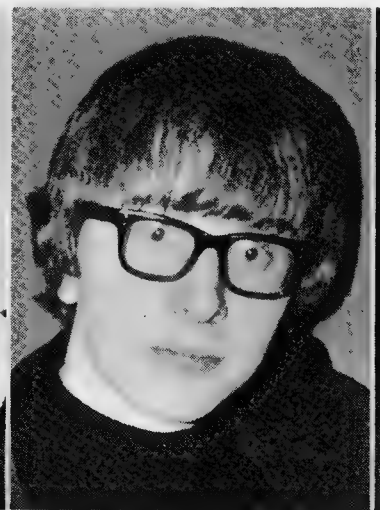
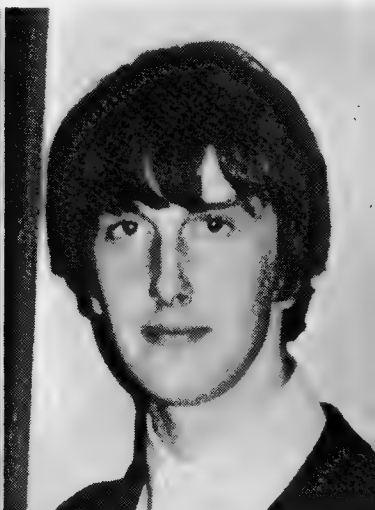
**SUE ALLEN of Hazardville, Conn.,** is ape about the **Monkees,** but **Micky Dolenz** is her special favorite. **Micky** made sure that she got to spend some time on Cloud 9 by sending her a personally autographed picture of himself and a special surprise gift that he picked out especially for **Sue**'s Dreamsville trip!

**SOPHIA SNYDER of Salt Lake City, Utah,** received her first-class ticket to Dreamsville from her favorite threesome, **Dino, Desi** and **Billy.** The boys are sending her a large, autographed picture, and her favorite, **Dino,** is personally selecting a bottle of his favorite perfume just for her.

**Gloria Stavers,** Editor-in-Chief of *16* Magazine is sending **GINGER GLOVER of Albuquerque, N. M.,** to Dreamsville at the special request of her pen-pal, **NANCY JOHNSON of Jamaica, N.Y. GINGER** will receive a free year's subscription to *16* and a kit of *16* goodies.

**MARSHA OSTLAND of Phoenix, Arizona,** is wigging out in Dreamsville after having her dreams come true, courtesy of the swinging leader of the **Hermits — Herman** himself! **Herman** sent her an autographed picture, his latest LP, a personally selected gift, and a full year's subscription to *16* Magazine. Hope there is room for all those gifts up on Cloud 9, **Marsha!**

Long-time **Beatle** fan, **SUSAN KILLIAN of Chicago, Ill.,** may stay in Dreamsville for the duration! The fab four sent her a copy of their Capitol LP, *Revolver,* a personally autographed picture, and a keepsake to remember them by. As if she could ever forget them! Who said dreams don't come true? They do in Dreamsville!

# PETER TORK'S SECRET

# PAST CHAPTER 2 by Lance Wakely

*Peter's career in Greenwich Village and on the road with the Phoenix Singers had more downs than ups — and so he went west, to Hollywood. The rest, as the phrase goes, is history.*

IN JANUARY 1964, Peter Tork took a brief respite from his "impoverished" existence in Greenwich Village and went off to Venezuela for a month with his parents, John and Virginia Thorkelson, his younger brothers, Nick and Chris, and his little sister, Ann Elizabeth. When Peter came back, he showed me lovely, glowing color photos of himself and the family (who I hope you *all* get to know better one day, for they are as interesting as individuals as Peter is). There were shots of Peter and Nick by fountains, the family in front of the hotel and — you know, souvenir photos like that. It was kind of funny, because right in the middle of showing them to me Peter stopped and said, "You know what? It was fun, but I missed the Village. I mean, man, I really wanted to be back here."

Well, *back* he *was* — and we were both at the old routine of trying to find work in the Village. Then, one night something happened that was nothing short of a miracle. Peter came flying into the Four Winds, a coffeehouse on Third Street, in a high state of excitement, shouting, "Guess what, you guys!" And he told us about his impending debut at Carnegie Hall. He told us that he had been hired to back up singer-composer Peter LaFarge (who later died in an unfortunate accident). Peter LaFarge was one of the acts invited to appear at the first New York City folk festival (and, I might add, the *last*) at Carnegie Hall. The festival starred such luminaries as Johnny Cash, Phil Ochs, the late Mississippi John Hurt, and a full range of folk personalities spanning the entire history of the idiom. Though the folk festival was not the financial success we had hoped it would be, it was certainly an artistic success — and it was a real kick to see Pete right up there on stage with the best of them. Tork and I continued goofing around together. In fact, we were together quite a bit. We rehearsed together, played together and chased a lot of girls together.

It seems that we always went for the same girl, and I guess that is when our "trouble" began. Suddenly, we were in constant conflict. We had differences about girls, and then we had differences about our work. What we didn't realize at the time was that this was a normal competitive "thing". We were constantly employed by the same people and quite naturally we tried to outdo each other in order to please our employers.

It was at about this time that we both got into the Phoenix Singers. We worked with the Phoenix Singers for about seven months, and during the last couple of months there were bad vibrations in the air. Pete loved to clown around on stage and the Phoenix Singers didn't dig that. Pete also disliked being ordered around or told what to do. These two elements clashed, and the fireworks that resulted were the following:

Peter as he appears today on **The Monkees.**

It was in October 1964, and we had just finished an in-person, fund-raising concert for Lyndon B. Johnson in Denver. As I said, the pressure had been building for several months. Two of the Phoenix Singers didn't want Pete in the group, but my buddy Ned wanted him to stay because he dug him musically. I had mixed feelings at the time. I agreed that musically Pete was excellent, but I felt that he had to cool it a bit on stage because there was a personality conflict between him and the two Phoenix Singers mentioned. Anyway, after the LBJ thing in Denver we were preparing to drive back to the hotel in a rented car and Peter, who was going to drive, said, "Everybody put on your safety belt."

Ned, who was in a bad mood, said, "No." Peter told him once more to put on his safety belt, and once more Ned declined. Soon, they were at it. Ned got loud; Pete's face got red; and I retreated into a corner of the car.

Flash! Out came Pete's stubborn streak. He said, "O.K. — if you don't put on your safety belt, I refuse to drive." And he folded his arms and sat rigidly in the driver's seat. In a fit of temper, Ned got out of the car and told Pete, "Get out!" Pete removed his safety belt and angrily got into the back seat of the car, and we drove off.

At the airport, we got on the plane to New York. It was on the way from Colorado to New York, at 30,000 feet in the air, that the three Phoenix Singers had a meeting, and two against one (for Ned still dug Pete's musicianship) they voted Tork out of the group. Peter was quiet for the whole flight, and I could tell he was not very happy. I don't think he cared about the Phoenix Singers that much, but I think he cared about the security that the job had provided and the fun he had been having on the road.

I stayed on with the Phoenix Singers for quite a while, and Pete went on to the old routine down in the Village. During this time he spent most of his weekends at his parents' home in Connecticut. Sometimes I would stay at his house, and we would go out and sing in the coffeehouses together. In March 1965, I moved in with Pete for two weeks while I was looking for an apartment. The girls upstairs (whose shower we used to borrow) moved out, and Pete and I decided to take their apartment.

### A TYPICAL DAY WITH PETE

Peter Tork didn't have much of a "good time" life in those days. He really had to hustle to make a living — in fact, we all did. Here is a typical day in the life of Pete in the Village in early 1965:

He would get up in the afternoon, and if he was lucky he would have something around to eat. If not, he would go down to MacDougal Street, hoping to run into a couple of chicks who would give him some lunch — and, *usually* he did and *usually* they did. About 3 in the afternoon he would come home, and we would rehearse and work on new numbers 'til 8 at night. Then Pete would take off on the coffeehouse routine. It seemed that the tourists got stingier with every passing day, so ultimately Pete had to do what we called *doubling*. That meant working two houses or more in the same night. Like he would play 20 minutes in the Night Owl, and then he would run to the Gaslight and play 20 minutes there, and then he would dash to the Basement for a 20 minute stint, and *then* fly over to the Pad for a 20 minute turn. Man, just the running around was exhausting, but when you consider all the playing and singing he did — well, Peter Tork sure is made of iron!

For all of this hustling, Pete would get maybe five or ten dollars on a weekday, and 20 or 30 bucks on a Friday or Saturday night. By 4 A.M., Tork would be in pretty much of a shambles physically, and he would fall into an all-night pizza place, eat himself a pie or two, and then come home and flop out till it was time to start all over again.

## PETER GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

In mid-July I started working with Bob Gibson, and I was on the road all the time. I moved out of the apartment. Shortly after I left, Peter gave up the apartment, because he couldn't afford the $90 a month rent. One night we were sitting in the Kettle Of Fish talking, and Pete was really down. He told me he thought California was the only answer. "I mean, Lance, like I am never going to get anywhere in the Village. I hear it's really starting to swing out there. I guess I gotta hitchhike out there and try my luck."

Pete took off for the West Coast. Every now and then I would hear rumors that he was singing or washing dishes somewhere. I never forgot and, of course, I was really interested in what was happening to him.

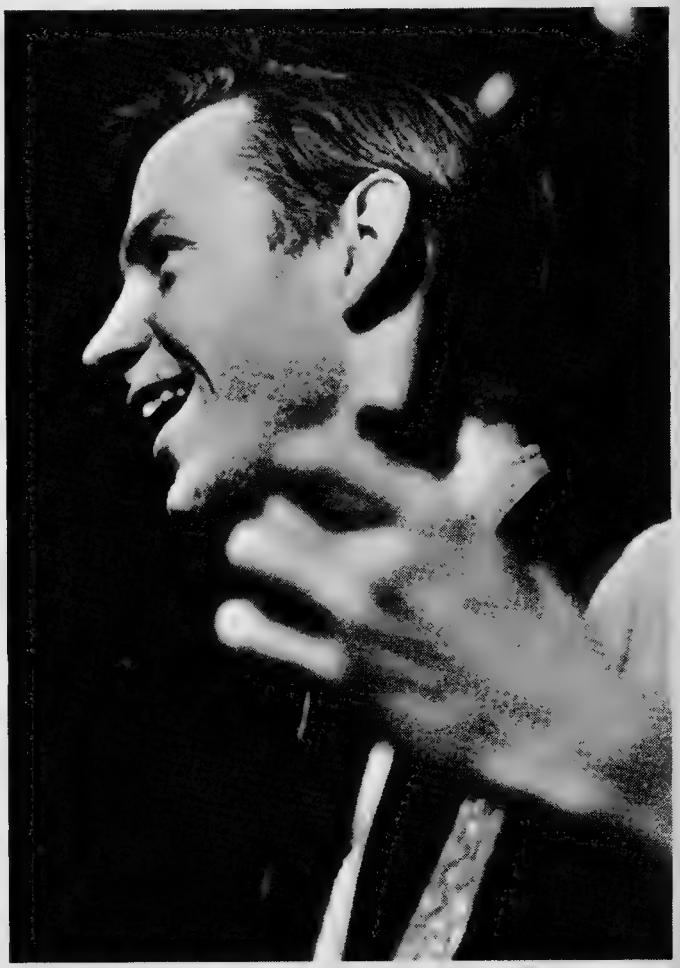
This is how Peter looked when he backed up the late Peter LaFarge at Carnegie Hall.

Peter with his first goatee. He is shown at the Night Owl in 1965, digging the Lovin' Spoonful.

Once, Pete came back to New York for a short time, and it was great to see him because he was really up. He told me about all the groovy new people he had met and played with — and how the music scene was really taking hold in Los Angeles. Another time, he came back from California and stayed at my apartment on Downing Street, where he slept on the couch. Actually, he didn't get much sleep. He told me about an ad he had answered in *Variety,* and about how he had been picked to be one of the Monkees.

"It's a crazy kind of an idea for a TV show," he said. "It's about these four young rock 'n' rollers and about all the nutty things that happen to them —". For some reason, Pete didn't want to go on, so I didn't pump him. I guess he didn't want to talk a lot and then have it *not* happen. Like that would be really embarrassing.

But as we sat there in my little apartment, I felt very strongly that Pete was on the brink of something great. That this was his big *chance*. That he was about to do all of the things he *ever* dreamed of. That meant he was going to perform for a lot of people, sing, do comedy, make people happy, gain security and respect — and most of all, become a well-known music personality. Well, Pete went back to stay in California and it *did happen*. And it happened like the biggest thing since the Beatles! Yes, Peter has really done it, and I guess I am as proud and happy as he is. I hope the TV series and his singing career go on forever!



Peter as he looked when he used to sing for his supper in a Greenwich Village coffeehouse.

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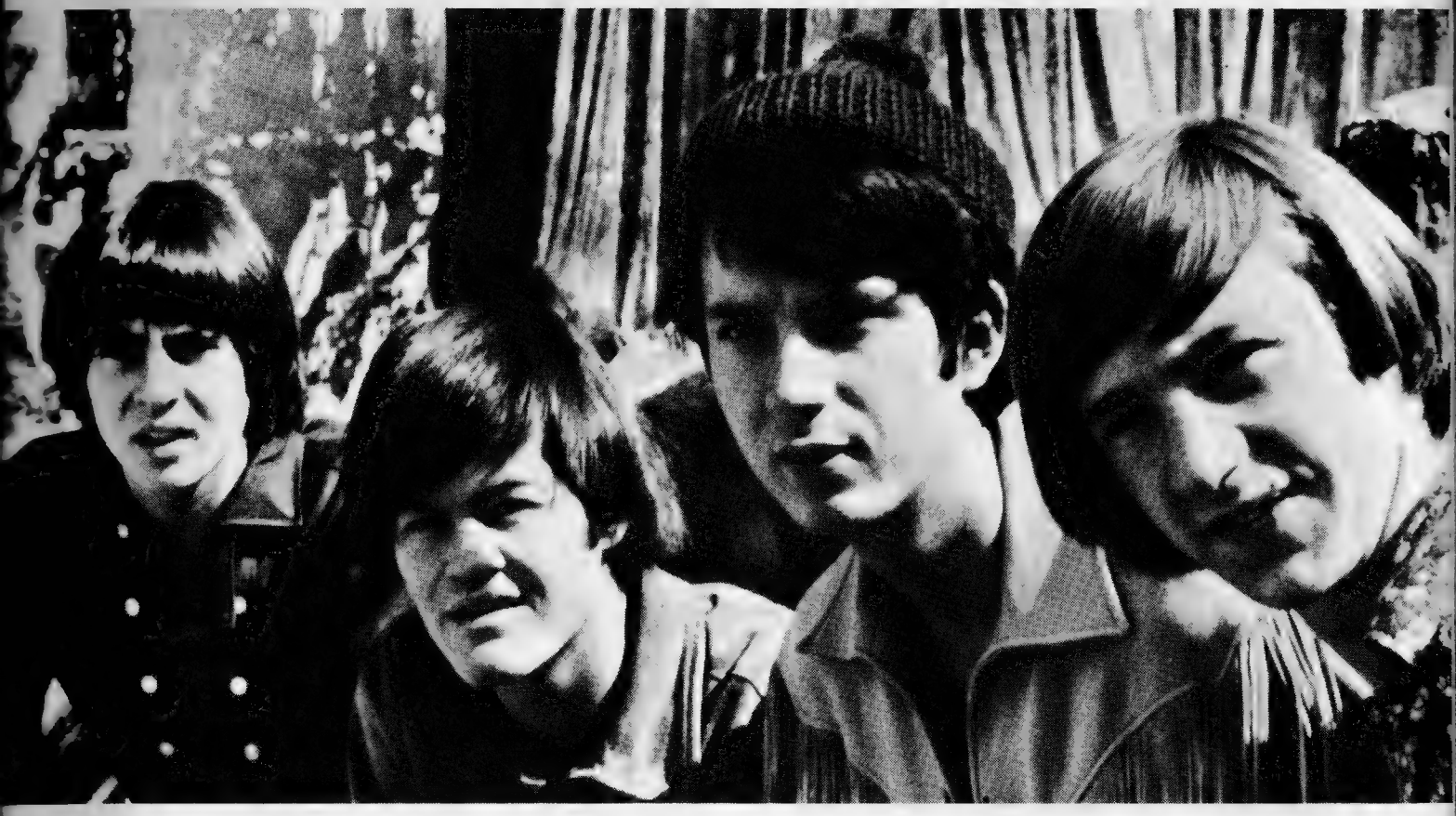

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# KAY K

## ARTSY-CRAFTSY

*"All I know is his name is* Fang — *and he's* her *favorite historical figure—"*

*"It's a* skirt? *But, Kay K., I thought you were making a doily!"*

*"Well, Margo—he does* look *like Mark Lindsay, but . . ."*

*"I just can't help it, Mr. Dinglehoffer—everything I paint ends up looking like Peter Tork!"*

# 5 ERRORS CONTEST

**RIGHT**

JOHN SEBASTIAN, leader of the Lovin' Spoonful, is all packed up for a Nashville trip – and you can bet those cases are not full of cats, cos John, Zally, Steve and Joe don't need any outside help to make their own particular brand of good time music. But oops! What's this?!

The top drawing is fine, but the bottom drawing contains five errors. Can you spot them? If you can, just draw a circle around each error with a pen or pencil, fill in the coupon below, tear the page along the dotted line and mail the coupon to: Five Errors Contest, *16* Magazine, Box 104, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

To each of the first five readers who correctly identify all five errors, *16* will award $10 in cash. All coupons will be dropped inside a revolving barrel and Georgia Winters, *blindfolded,* will pick the winners – so everybody has a chance!

Go to work right away – and good luck!

**WRONG**

**5 ERRORS CONTEST APR. 1967**

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# THE monkeE-mailboX

*Now you can write a letter to your favorite Monkee — or to all four Monkees — and be* ***sure*** *that you will get a personal reply!*

**FLASH! Attention all *16* regulars! Presenting** The Monkee-Mailbox **— the** only **place in the world where you can write a letter to your favorite Monkee and be** sure **to get a personal answer. Since the letters to Davy, Micky, Peter and Mike are already flooding the offices of *16* Magazine, the boys decided to get an early start — so here's a surprise for some of you lucky *16*'ers who have written inquiries about the Monkees or sent personal letters to your fave in care of *16* Magazine:**

Dear Micky,
What is your real name — Dolenz or Braddock? Also, are you left-handed? I heard you are.
Oakland, Calif. Constance Baker

• *Dear Constance,*
*My real name is Dolenz. I used Braddock for acting for a while when I was performing in* Circus Boy.
*After my father's death, I switched back to the family name. I am very much right-handed, though at times I think I* might *have two left* feet!

*MICKY*

Dear Davy, Micky, Peter and Mike,
I read in a newspaper that you are a "Xerox copy" of the Beatles. This writer even accused you of copying, tune for tune, one of the Beatle's LPs. I think you are very much individuals, and I would like to know what you think.
New York City Nancy York

• **Dear Nancy,**
**If you've seen our TV show and heard our LPs, you** know **that we're not a "Xerox copy" of anybody. There is always a similarity between any rock 'n' roll singer or rock 'n' roll group in that we all sing to the same beat and have a tendency to follow the fashion and hair-style trends of our time. That writer was probably too lazy to interview us and find out what we are like as individuals, so he copped out by accusing us of imitating the Beatles (like** who **could imitate the Beatles? They're outasite!). Hope you still like us anyway, and thanks for writing.**

**DAVY, MICKY, PETER and MIKE**

Dear Davy,
I have been reading *16* for several years and I found a picture and a story on a guy named David Jones in the November '65 issue of *16*. Is that *you?* I also read in one place that you are five feet and three inches tall and in a recent issue of *16* that you are five feet and five inches tall. Which is true?
Toronto, Ont., Can. Arlene Jung

• *Dear Arlene,*
*The picture you saw in the November '65 issue of* 16 *was indeed me. It was the first big story done on me in American teenage magazines. Several months before that, Gloria Stavers, the editor of* 16, *printed another picture of me with my fan club address (so you can see why I'm a real* 16 *fan to this day). Speaking of* 16, *I* am *five feet and five inches tall, and anything you see printed in the pages of this magazine you can* believe!

*DAVY*

Dear Peter,
I am all confused. I have read different names and ages for your brothers and sister. Would you kindly straighten me out?
Chester, N.Y. Patricia Wyckoff

• **Dear Pat,**
**I have a brother named Nicky, who is 21 years old and is working on his Master's Degree in English. I have another brother who is 14, named John, who is a junior high student. My little sister's name is Ann Elizabeth, and she is ten years old.**

**PETER**

Dear Mike,
I heard the rumor that in private life the Monkees really don't get along at all. They said that you all are moody and temperamental. Is this true? I hope not.
Raleigh, N.C. Charlotte Mills

• *Dear Charlotte,*
*Completely wrong. We all get along splendidly together — otherwise how could we do the kind of work we are doing? We are each quite different from one another, but that somehow makes us "jell" when we're together. We are not the kind of guys who* pretend. *We really* do *like each other and we really* do *like our work. Hope we will be pleasing you for a long time.*

*MIKE*

Dear Micky,
Is it true that you are the only one in the group who was not a musician before the Monkees were formed?
Altus, Okla. Roberta McKernan

• **Dear Roberta,**
**Boo-hoo. Why do they always pick on me? I've been a musician for over two years, playing guitar and singing. Last year I was with a group called the Missing Links. When they broke up, I started playing drums — and now that's what I play with the Monkees.**

**MICKY**

Dear Davy,
I read in one of those "grown-up" magazines that "teenage birds" bore you and you think they come on too strong. I cried for a whole day after I read that. I'm a teenager and I am heartbroken.
Austell, Ga. Tanya Turner

• *Dear Tanya,*
*Stop crying — here are true words to mend your broken heart. I* never *said such a thing. I like* all *birds — little, medium, big, young, middle and old. I have a special weakness for teenage girls with long hair. I'm sorry that this mistake was made, but it wasn't my fault. Take care.*

*DAVY*

Dear Peter,
Did you once sing and play in a place in Hollywood called the Troubadour Club? Have you ever been back there since you got famous?
Anaheim, Calif. Mabel Christy

• **Dear Mabel,**
**I sure did. Before that, I used to wash dishes at the Golden Bear at Long Beach. A couple of months ago I went back to the Troubadour one night and got up and sang. It was really a gas to be back there playing and singing for my old friends. Thanks for writing.**

**PETER**

Dear Micky,
Do you and Davy Jones live together? I read somewhere that you did and that you *don't* get along with each other! I also heard that you are going steady with a girl named Annette. Is this true?
Brooklyn, N.Y. Helen Zrake

• *Dear Helen,*
*Many, many months ago, Davy and I roomed together for a couple of weeks. We got along very well and we have never had an argument before, during or since. Later, Davy moved in with Pete for a while, but now all of us Monkees have our own private digs. I am not going steady with a girl named Annette or with a girl with any other name, for that matter. However, I am open to all bids. How 'bout you?*

*MICKY*

Dear Davy,
I heard that you have real curly hair and that you have to have it straightened for the TV show. Is this true?
E. Peoria, Ill. Margie Ashcraft

• **Dear Margie,**
**I've had super-**straight **hair all me life, but rumors like this** can **cause your hair to curl, can't they?**

**DAVY**

Dear Mike,
Is it true that you have written, arranged and sung some of the tunes on the Monkees' LPs?
New York City Barbara McCartney

• *Dear Barbara,*
*Yes, indeed, it is.* Papa's Blue Jeans *and* Sweet Young Thing *are the two I did on our first LP.*

*MIKE*

Dear Micky,
I'm very confused about when you were born. Would you please get me straight for once and for all?
Worthington, Ohio Sharon Kayati

• **Dear Sharon,**
**I was born on March 8, 1945, in Los Angeles. Davy was born on December 30, 1945. Peter was born on February 13, 1942, and Mike was born on December 30, 1943. Hope that straightens you out.**

**MICKY**

Dear Monkees,
I heard that your show may go off the air. That is the most terrifying news in the world. Is there anything I can do to prevent this catastrophe from happening?
Brooklyn, N.Y. Jo Ann Fasulo

• *Dear Jo Ann,*
We *haven't heard these rumors — but, just to be on the safe side, why don't you write to both NBC-TV, 3000 W. Alemeda, Burbank, Calif., and NBC-TV, Rockefeller Center, New York City, and tell the Program Director at each address that you want* The Monkees *to stay on the air? Thanks in advance.*

*DAVY, MICKY, PETER and MIKE*

**That's all there's room for this month. If you want to write us, either as a group or individually, send your letters to The Monkee-Mailbox, *16* Magazine, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City, 10022. Then be sure to pick up all future issues of *16* and look for your letter and our answers.**

# *trippin' OUT*

*With This Month's Guest Guru, None Other Than The Hard Times' Own RUDY (THE BEAUTY) ROMERO!*

HI THERE! It's **Rudy of the Hard Times,** about to take you on an exciting excursion into the world of pop groups. But before I do, I want to thank all you **Hard Times** and *Action* fans for all the wonderful letters you've been sending us — and I also want to assure each of you who writes that you will get an answer. So come ahead and drop us a line. That's the **Hard Times, care of Dick Clark Productions, 9125 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.**

Recently, while the **Beach Boys** were in London, **Mike Love** and **Carl Wilson** paid a surprise visit to the **Four Tops** when they were rehearsing for the BBC-TV show, *Pop Inn* . . . The **Rascals,** who were a smash in London, looked outasite when they arrived back at JFK Airport in New York. This fabulous group seems to be booked all the time (I mean, **Gloria Stavers** keeps complaining that she can't catch 'em with her butterfly net long enough for photos and an interview — better pick up on that, guys!) . . . A sure bet for stardom is a stunning, bezazzling Puerto Rican group called the **Living End.** They sing at The Scene, the top disco in San Juan, and are really the *rave* down there. **George** (the guy in the hat) alternates lead with **Tessie** (the only girl in the group). Though the group are all Puerto Rican-born and Spanish-speaking, **George** sings only in English. **Tessie** sings in both Spanish and English. You can write to the **Living End** at Box 1601, San Juan, Puerto Rico, 00936, and stay tuned to *16* for more on this boss group.

Speaking of groups, Screen Gems' newest starlet, **Hillary Thompson,** made friends with an interesting group when she recently visited their TV set in Hollywood. Can you guess who the group is behind those cute little moustaches? (You get a zero if you don't guess right on the first try.) . . . If you dig funny-funny people, don't miss **Gail Parent** and **Kenny Solms'** new Epic LP, *I Were A High School Graduate. (Note:* This rib-cracker is *not recommended for adults.)* . . . **Lynne Randell** (see Page 8) has a groovy back-up group called the **Kinetics,** whose average age is 16. Let's hope *they'll* soon be recording in America too!

If you groove behind the **Blues Magoos'** *We Ain't Got Nothin' Yet,* then you are really gonna flip for their Mercury LP, *Psychedelic Lollipop* . . . Also be sure to dig **Terry Knight & The Pack's** LP on Lucky 11. It's really *flash.*

Over and out.

Mike and Carl & the Four Tops

Young Rascals

The Living End

Hillary & Friends

Gail Parent & Kenny Solms

The Kinetics

Blues Magoos

Terry Knight & The Pack

# *WOW! take a look at this!*

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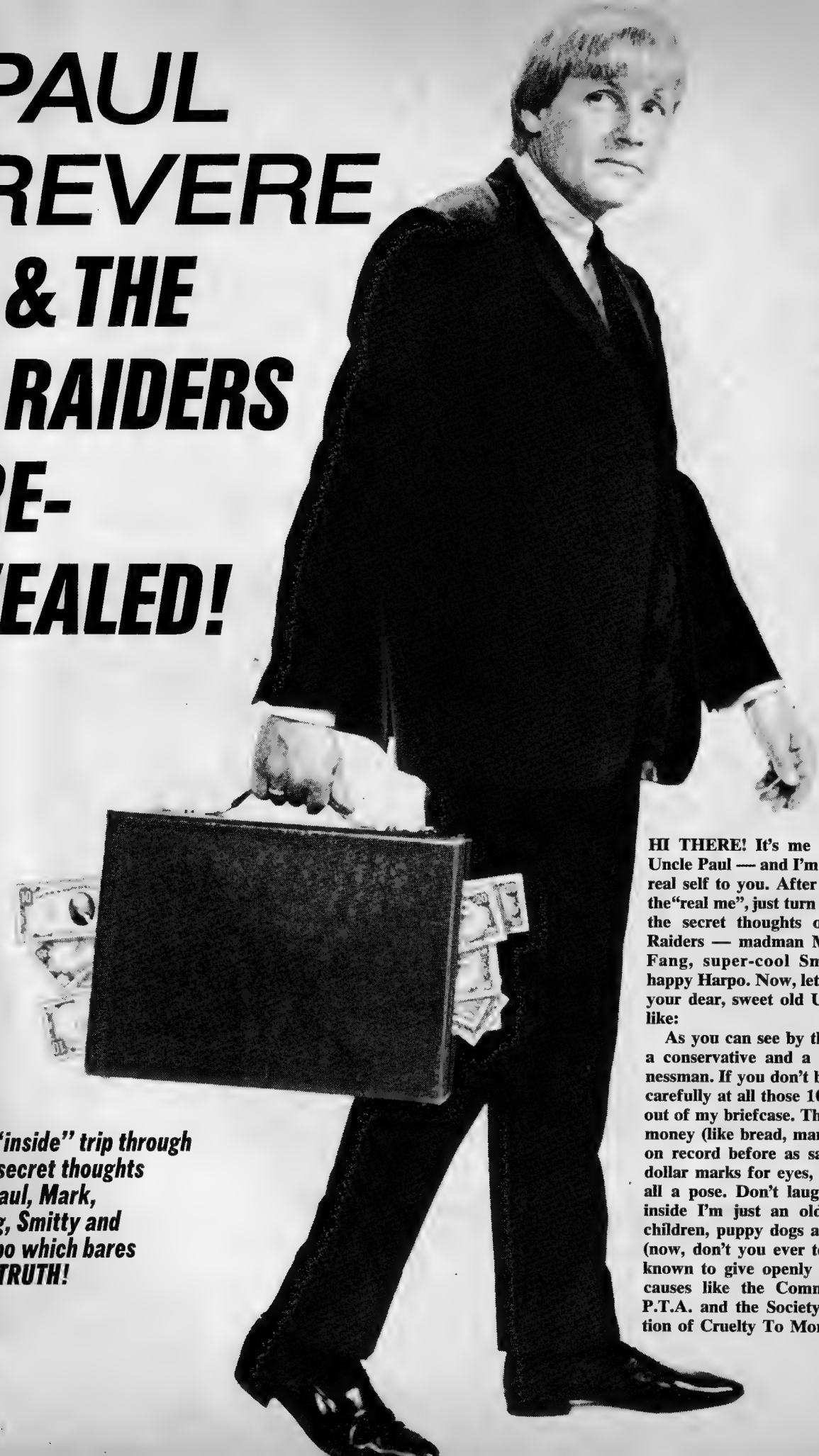
# PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS RE-VEALED!



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***An "inside" trip through the secret thoughts of Paul, Mark, Fang, Smitty and Harpo which bares the TRUTH!***

**HI THERE! It's me — your penurious Uncle Paul — and I'm about to reveal my real self to you. After you read all about the "real me", just turn the pages and enter the secret thoughts of the rest of the Raiders — madman Marcus, flipped-out Fang, super-cool Smitty, and happy, happy Harpo. Now, let's get down to what your dear, sweet old Uncle Paul is really like:**

**As you can see by the way I dress, I'm a conservative and a rather astute businessman. If you don't believe it, look very carefully at all those 10s and 20s popping out of my briefcase. That, young ladies, is money (like bread, man!). Well, I've been on record before as saying that I've got dollar marks for eyes, but — ah-hah, it's all a pose. Don't laugh, but deep down inside I'm just an old softy who loves children, puppy dogs and flowers — and (now, don't you ever tell) I've even been known to give openly and generously to causes like the Community Chest, the P.T.A. and the Society For The Prevention of Cruelty To Monkeys!**

T'is I — Mark Lindsay — as you've never seen me before. Now I will reveal my *secret* side: I'm a "protestor" — and I'm out to get those folks that do things that I can't stand! So watch out all you people who put down rock 'n' roll, who put down swingin' TV shows (like *Action*), who put down guys who have long hair and who put down "outasite" clothes — cos I'm comin' to get you and I'm gonna *cleanse* your mixed-up minds!!

# FANG FOLLOWERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!

**Stand behind me — your new, young and fearless leader! As you can see, I love all the things that count: America, buttons, rings, sculptor, photography, snorkeling and English umbrellas. So it should be clear to one and all that I'll make a perfect president. Elect me — I'm not a nut!**

EXCLUSIVE COLOR PIN-UP 19

EXCLUSIVE COLOR PIN-UP

**Super-smooth Smitty speaks: This is my last flur (as in "flurry") to myself. Lately it seems that there's much hate around and that it keeps multiplying, so I think you should all have this reminder to Stop Hate. This is my effort to make more people aware. This is my small contribution. I hope it helps.**

Hail to *thee!* It is I — your one-and-only happy Harpo— wielding the symbols of my inner-self: my beat-up briefcase and my Harpo horn — both of which I always carry with me as I face each day with renewed interest and excitement, looking forward with eagerness to every beautiful moment that life will bring my way (and it *does,* and they *are!*).

# the LO-DOWN

## por la Gatita

THE Beatles battle royal is raging in a lot of directions. Now George Martin is in it. Seems George helped Paul write the music for the two tunes Paul did for Hayley's flick, *Family Way* (Paul can't write music, so he hums it and George puts it down on paper for him). Anyway, George was so smitten by the tunes that he decided to release Paul's music *(Love In The Open Air* and *Theme For Family Way)* as single instrumental records. Meanwhile, back at the movie studio, the producers decided to do the *same* thing. So now the sides are being released by both EMI *and* DECCA Records in London! Paul is keeping his mouth shut (under that big moustache of his) about the whole thing . . . Paul has another project already started. He's staging a "carnival of light" at London's Centre 42's Round House (whatever *that* is). This is a show of electric music combining with lights coming from 15 automatic projectors playing across screens 60 feet high — and that's about as high as you can get (if you're a screen, that is).

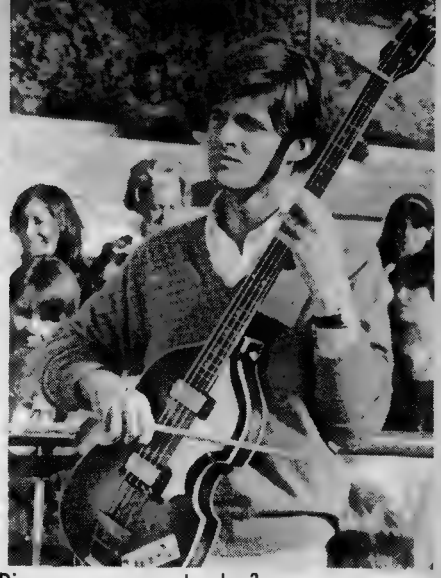
Anyhoo, Ringo is *still* looking for a "job" acting — so why don't one of you groovies write him a script? . . . John is all agiggle over the publication of his two books into *one* book. It's called *The Penguin John Lennon* and (boo-hoo) you can't get it in America. I got a pic of how he looks on the back cover of it for you though, dollies! . . . As for *George* Beatle — well, I have no news about him lately. I can't *find* him. Have *you* taken him and hidden him somewhere? No fair — bring him back!

Mick Jagger and Chrissie Shrimpton publicly announced that they have broken off their three-year romance. Wanna bet? . . . Absolute rave of London is the world's thinnest and most popular new model, the hauntingly pretty-sad-tiny-girlish Twiggy. She's 17 and has just cut a record called *Beautiful Dream.* Why *not?* . . . Russian poet Yevgenii Yevtushenko (if you think that's hard to *say,* try *spelling* it) met the Monkees when they were in Hawaii and also saw their concert. . . . Love DD&B's single, *If You're Thinking Like I'm Thinking.* Also do cattersaults every time I see those guys on *Action.* Look carefully and you will see that Dino darling is learning to play his bass in a unique new manner . . . What star of what top American group is now doing *almost* all the record-making *almost* all by himself? (But it's O.K., though — cos the rest of guys can lipsynch just fine).

*Advice to a certain young teen idol:* Don't take it *all* so seriously and get all snooty and egocentric and uptight. Be a cool little kitty and *purr* along with the rest of us. Sic transit gloria stardom, you know . . . Why can't the British groups stay together? Except for a couple, all of them are making splitsville noises . . . I nominate Keith of Mercury Records as "Pussycat Of The Month" (hope you don't mind, Keithie). I think he looks a lot like *me.* I mean, we both have *lots* of groovy fur — and like that. Meowrre later!

Paul (and moustache) attend the London opening of Hayley's flick, **Family Way.**

**The Penguin John Lennon.**



Dino — a new way to play?

Twiggy

Keith

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# *THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE*

## *by*

# MIKE NESMITH

Come along again as Mike takes you onward and upward through his boyhood to — well, just follow the pictures and see the smashing finale!

*WHEN I LEFT YOU last month, I promised to return in this issue of* 16 *with* more *news about my childhood — and to tell you about the happiest day of my life. So join me, once again, on a trip back through time . . . and let's catch me when I was still a young lad living in Texas.*

When I was nine, my mom Bette and I lived in Dallas. She was a secretary and I — well, I hadn't decided what I was going to be yet. (Fate took care of that for me!)

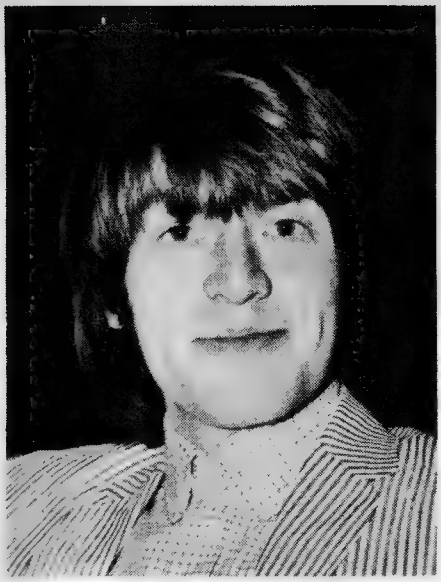
Here is a shot of me — loud sport shirt and all — in front of our home in Dallas. This was the neighborhood where I spent most of my childhood. When I got out of high school, I went to San Antonio College.

At college,I met a young folksinger named Phyllis Barbour. We knew each other for a year, dated for six months, and were married in the Ft. Sam Houston Chapel, in San Antonio, on March 16, 1963. This is a picture of Phyllis and me in the receiving line after our wedding.

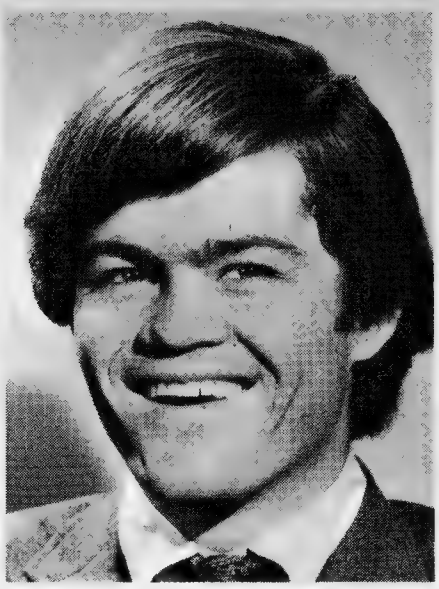
Here is our wedding portrait. Left to right are Mr. Paul Barbour and Mrs. Betty Barbour (Phyllis' folks), Phyllis and me, Bette Graham (my mom) and Bob Graham (my stepfather).

And here is — you guessed it — our son, Christian DuVal. He was born on January 31, 1964, and was 18 months old when this picture was taken.

# 16's ALL-STAR *Birthday Gift Guide*



**BRIAN JONES (ROLLING STONES):** *Birthday* — February 28; *hat* — 7¼; *shirt* — 14½-inch neck/31-inch sleeve (or Small); *sweater* — 38 (or Medium); *shoe* — 8½B; *socks* — 10; *ring* — 7; *favorite colors* — black and blue; *favorite gifts* — unusual shirts, sweaters and ties; *address* — 63-69 New Oxford St., London W.1, England.

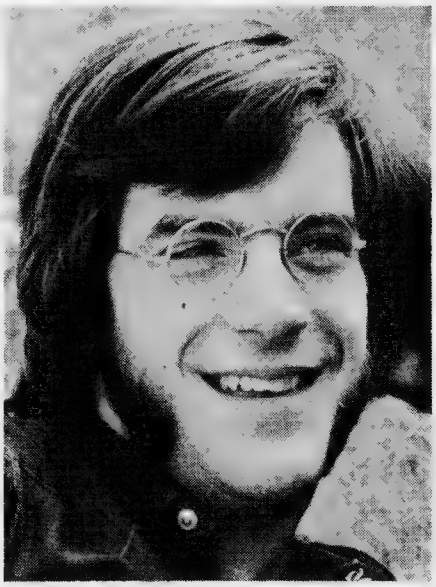


**MICKY DOLENZ (MONKEES):** *Birthday* — March 8; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck / 32-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 42 (or Large); *shoe* — 10C; *socks* — 11; *ring* — 9; *favorite colors* — all the colors in the rainbow; *favorite gifts* — anything that's goofy; the zanier the better; *address* — 1334 N. Beechwood, Hollywood, Calif.

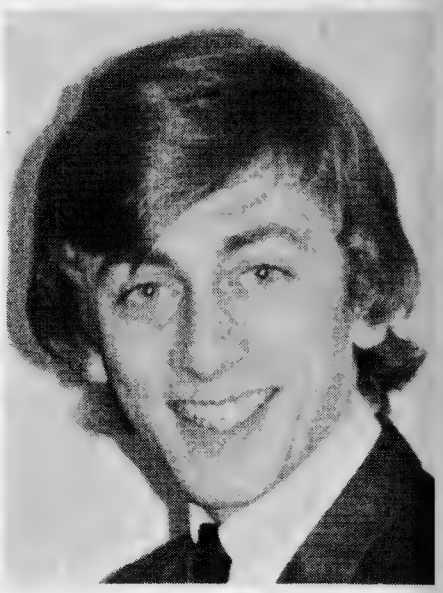
**HAVE YOU EVER** wondered when your favorite Star's birthday is, what kind of present he (or she) would really like to have—and how to make sure it is mailed to a place where he (or she) will positively get it?

Well, wonder no more. In every issue of 16 Magazine, you will find this exclusive All-Star Birthday Address—Gift Guide. It will give you the name of the star whose birthday is coming up soon, his (or her) actual birthday, a list of his (or her) clothes' sizes (all sizes are American—not English, and shirt-sleeve sizes are measured from the back of the neck to the wrist), and ring sizes (all are for left-hand ring finger), the color or colors he (or she) likes best, what kind of presents he (or she) prefers, where to mail your present (or card or letter) so that the star you love will get it personally! P.S.: When you send gifts to England, be sure to put a Customs Declaration sticker (you get the stickers free at the post office) on each package and mark it "Unsolicited gift—value less than $10."

**MIKE LOVE (BEACH BOYS):** *Birthday* — March 15; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck / 32-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 42 (or Large); *shoe* — 10B; *socks* — 11; *ring* — 9; *favorite colors* — blue and white; *favorite gifts* — cuff links, any kind of jewelry, souvenirs from your home town; *address* — 9000 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



**JOHN SEBASTIAN (LOVIN' SPOONFUL):** *Birthday* — March 17; *hat* — 7¼; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck / 31-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 38 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9; *socks* — 11; *ring* — 8½; *favorite colors* — brown, beige and blue; *favorite gifts* — collects old jug band and blues records, doesn't like expensive gifts; *address* — c/o Bob Cavallo, 1414 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C., N.Y.



**JEREMY CLYDE (CHAD & JEREMY):** *Birthday* — March 22; *hat* — 7¼; *shirt* — 15-inch neck / 31-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 38 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9C; *socks* — 10; *ring* — *only* wears one ring (with family crest); *favorite colors* — blue; *favorite gifts* — books, biographies and science fiction, single and LP records of American rock 'n' roll; *address* — 9000 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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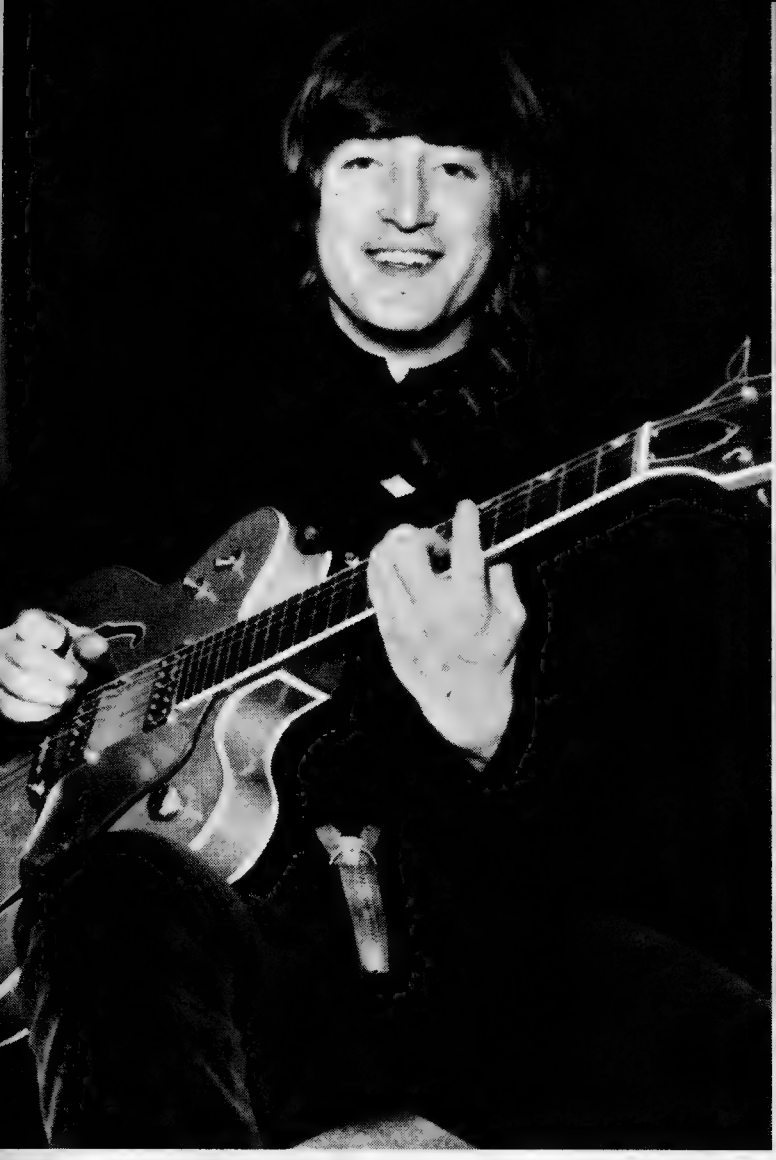
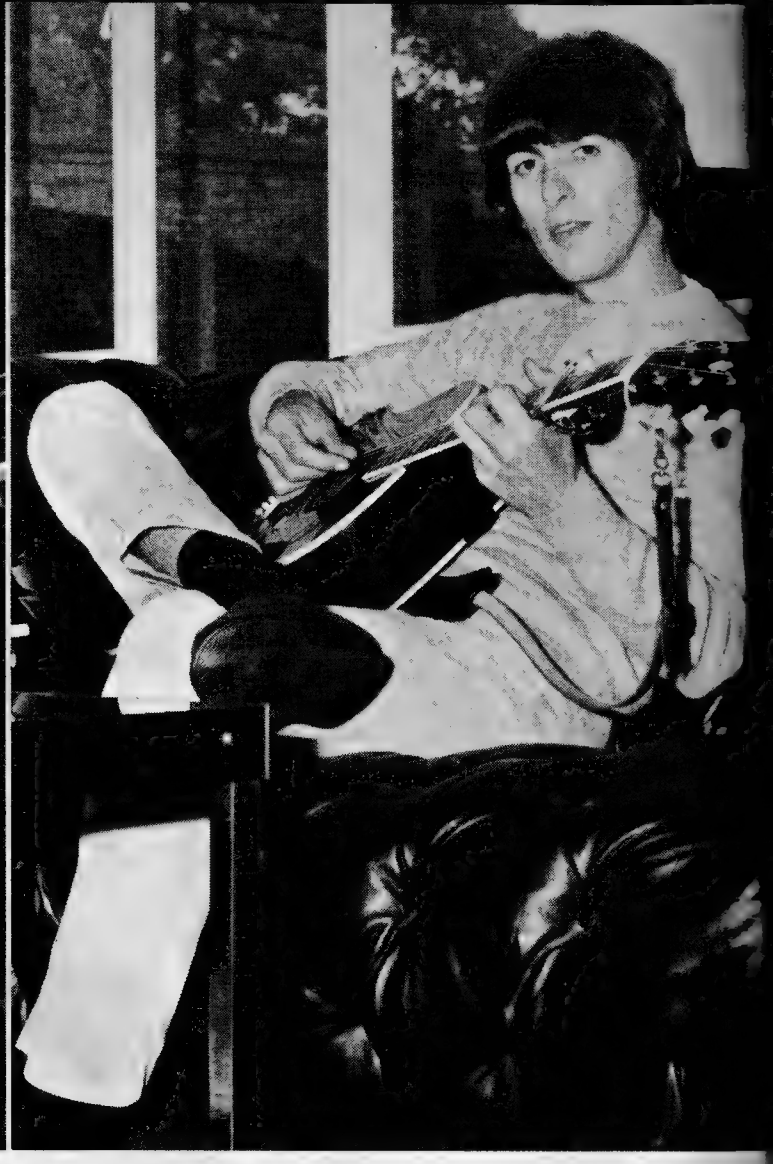
**Tune in next month for more of your favorite stars' birthdays, addresses and gift guides.**

**MARK LINDSAY** (REVERE & RAIDERS): *Birthday* — March 9; *hat* — 7¼; *shirt* — 15-inch neck / 35-inch sleeve (or Large); *sweater* — 44 (or Large); *shoe* — 9½ D; *socks* — 11; *ring* 11; *favorite colors* — blue, green and brown; *favorite gifts* — loves flowers of all kinds (especially roses and carnations), poems and letters written by fans, Cocoa Puffs and Apple Jax; *address* — C/O Roger Hart, 9100 Sunset Blvd., Suite 215, Hollywood, Calif.

**JIM "HARPO" VALLEY** (REVERE & RAIDERS): *Birthday* — March 13; *hat* — 7; *shirt* — 15-inch neck / 33-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 38 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9½ D; *socks* — 11; *ring* — 8; *favorite colors* — brown and green; *favorite gifts* — cute little things, sweatshirts that you write things on, also collects pictures of his fans; *address* — C/O Roger Hart, 9100 Sunset Blvd., Suite #215, Hollywood, Calif.

**MIKE "SMITTY" SMITH** (REVERE & RAIDERS): *Birthday* — March 2; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck / 31-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 38 (or Medium); *shoe* — 8½ B; socks — 10; *ring* — 8; *favorite colors* — brown and gray; *favorite gifts* — scrapbooks on the Raiders (doesn't have time to keep one himself), knit or paisley ties; *address* — C/O Roger Hart, 9100 Sunset Blvd., Suite #215, Hollywood, Calif.





# LOOKING BACK WITH THE BEATLES

by NEIL ASPINALL

**NEIL gives the answers to your favorite questions put in fan letters to the Fab Four.**

EVERY TIME I go to John's house, the *furniture* seems to have *changed*. I go to Weybridge quite frequently, and it can be very baffling to enter the same room week after week and each time feel as though everything in it is completely different — and *maybe* you're really not in the same room at all!

"You didn't have that sideboard last time, John," I'll begin.

"Of course I did," he'll counter.

"Well, you *certainly* didn't have those three coffee tables over there."

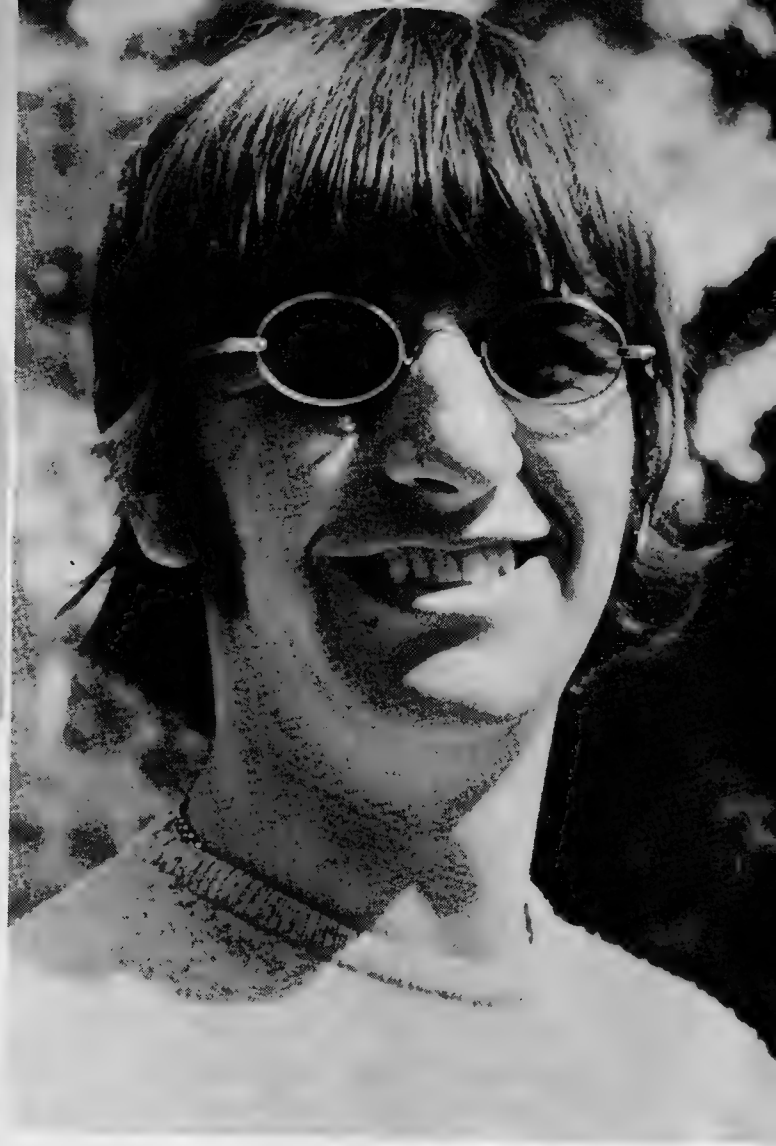
"No — *maybe* I didn't have those," John will admit.

It's the changing coffee tables which make the whole room look new. John never seems to keep his coffee tables very long. He's funny about coffee tables. He grows bored with coffee tables like everyone else grows bored with shirts. Only it doesn't change an entire room if you just switch shirts. I mean, people still recognize you, don't they! I used to be confused by John's changing coffee tables, but I know the routine by now. I'll say, "There's a coffee table gone from here, John. The big glass one."

He'll say, "It's just disappeared. I didn't like it. I got that round wooden one instead."

One of his most recent tables had a huge black-and-white check design on its surface. "That's a peculiar top for a coffee table," I said when I saw it for the first time.

"Mad, isn't it?" replied John. "Like an overgrown chess board."



Then I realized – "It *is* an antique chess board!"

"Is it? Surely not. I'd never thought of that. Can you or Mal get some chessmen for it?"

*"That size?"* I asked. "You must be joking!"

Of course, you *can* get giant ivory chess sets and, one of these days, Mal or I will get around to looking for one for John. But it'll mean making a last-minute check at John's house, just in case the table has disappeared!

## BEATLE FOOD

One of the favorite questions put by Beatle People in fan letters to the boys is: "What do you like to eat?" It's a simple enough question, but it can't be answered quite so simply. I mean, what do you like to eat? Depends where you are, what you've been doing, what you had for your last meal, etc., doesn't it? It's the same with the Beatles.

Anyone who imagines that the Beatles won't look at anything but a really lavish feast has the wrong idea altogether. Naturally, they eat out in style on certain occasions but, by and large, they eat less glamorous meals than the average person. When the boys are working, it's impossible to keep to any sort of regular routine for meal-breaks. In the recording studio, for instance, they'll often work right through an official break while the engineers wander off to eat. Instead, the Beatles have food brought to them in the studio.

I remember one morning in May of this past year when the Beatles were filming a special color television clip which was used on your *Ed Sullivan Show* in America to coincide with the release of *Paperback, Writer* and *Rain*. To film the *Sullivan Show* appearance, the boys got together in Studio One, the largest of the E.M.I. recording studios at St. John's Wood in North London. It meant a very early start, because the group had to be in front of the cameras for the first rehearsal 'takes' no later than ten in the morning. Around eleven-thirty, George muttered something about food.

"Surely, you're not hungry just yet," exclaimed the producer. "What time did you have breakfast?"

"We didn't," admitted John.

"We'll just have some toast or something," began Ringo.

"No – we can't have that," said the producer. "You must have a proper breakfast."

"It's O.K.," put in George. "We want something quick. Toast will do."

"I'm sure we can organize boiled eggs," replied the producer.

The idea of boiled eggs fascinated the Beatles. That's one thing they'd always considered to be a strictly breakfast dish that you couldn't very well ask for after ten o'clock in the morning! So boiled eggs it was. Mal arranged for the E.M.I. studio kitchen people to boil a set of fresh eggs. They were served along with piles of bread and butter. Between "takes," the boys sat 'round an improvised breakfast table (an amplifier with a neat E.M.I. table cloth spread across its surface) and enjoyed one of the most conventional English breakfasts they'd had in years!

"Now there's no reason why we shouldn't have a proper lunch today, you know," Paul pointed out, as they polished off the eggs.

"Where could we go?" asked Ringo. "It's a bit far to go to a restaurant from here."

"I know a great little place called The Genevieve. It's only ten minutes away," Paul answered.

I think that Paul is more up-to-date than the others about London eating houses. He often goes out to dinner in the West End. We called up The Genevieve right away and made a reservation. It was a quiet place with wonderful food – right in the heart of London and yet with an unhurried sort of atmosphere about it.

The day after the *Sullivan* film, we were doing some more television clips on location. This time we were making black-and-white TV inserts for various British shows. The location was the gardens of the historic Chiswick House, just outside of London and not too far from Twickenham Film Studios. The lunch break came very late that day because outdoor filming relies on good light and the producers wanted to make maximum use of the sunshine while it lasted. By the time we did break it was three o'clock, and crowds of school children were gathering to watch the Beatles at work. The lunch problem was solved in an unusual way. Alf Bicknell, the boys' driver, took off in our Austin Princess and collected specially ordered meals from Twickenham Film Studios. Back at Chiswick House, the four Beatles piled into the Princess and had their lunch there in privacy. Privacy with all those fans crowding the Chiswick House lawns around the Princess? Yes! Because the Princess has smoked-glass windows. The boys can see *out* – but no one can see *in!*

At concerts, the boys seldom want a full meal before a show. Instead, there is always a good supply of drinks in their dressing room. They alternate in their taste from *Seven-Up* to *Coke,* so I always try to see that there are cases of each on ice for them in every dressing room. Milk is also a steady favorite in the daily diet of a Beatle. It has to be ice-cold. In hotel suites, they order two dozen cartons of milk and put them in buckets of ice to keep cool right through an evening or overnight.

## L-M: HOW THEY WRITE SONGS

Another of your most frequent questions is: "Which comes first – the words or the music? And who writes which?"

Sometimes John and Paul contribute in equal proportions the words and music for a new song. (*Paperback Writer* was a joint effort.) But more often than not, just one of the two writers is responsible for most of the work on a new number. What's more, the one who did most towards creating the song usually sings it. Let's say that Paul thinks up a basic tune. He'll work on ideas for lyrics which will fit the tune. When he has gone as far as he can with his ideas, Paul will get together with John – who will think about the words and offer suggestions for additional verses. When the song is finished, there will probably be 80 per cent of Paul's work and 20 per cent of John's in the final product. Equally, John will do most of the work on other numbers, with Paul throwing in extra ideas at the last minute before the composition is ready for the recording studio.

In almost all cases the music is written or put on tape before there are words to go with it. John and Paul often start things they can't finish. What I mean is, they'll have a new tune in their heads and they'll work on it together until its complete – then either John nor Paul will be able to come up with anything satisfactory in the way of lyrics. So they'll put the song aside and move onto something they can do right away. Paul left the basic ideas for the *Yesterday* ballad sit *nine* months before he gave it words and a title!

For a long time the Beatles used a working title, *The Void,* for one of the tracks on their *Revolver* album. *The Void,* unlike most new Beatle compositions, had all of its words and only a rough skeleton of a tune before the day of the session. John knew exactly what he wanted in the way of a backing, but the boys decided to record the voice track first and tackle the instrumental side of things afterwards. Everyone was satisfied with the vocal "take", but when they tried to record the backing it just didn't come out the way John had in mind. So they left *The Void* and went onto *Paperback Writer.*

The beginning of a series of sessions is always the most difficult part, because each Beatle has a load of fresh ideas in his mind and they come tumbling out in such a rush that things get confused. Of the early *Revolver* sessions last April, only *Paperback Writer* was completely straightforward because the whole group had been discussing it and doing a lot of rehearsal work on the title long before they got into the studio. Otherwise, a lot of tracks were started and, like *The Void,* put to one side to be completed later during the series. It was Ringo who eventually came forward with an idea of calling *The Void* something more interesting than the original working-title. He came up with *Tomorrow Never Knows.* It was a typical *Ringo-ism.*

The first Ringo-ism I ever heard was more than four years ago, when Ringo first moved over from Rory Storm's Hurricanes to the Beatles. I remember Rory's mother inviting Ringo and me 'round for a cup of tea. When we arrived, she looked at Ringo, minus his beard, and threw her hands up in surprise.

"Oooh – Our Ringo's changed his hair," she exclaimed.

"It's no *different* change, really," replied Ringo, quick as a flash. And this, as far as I can recall, was the first of many equally original Ringo-isms!

Filming in the Chiswick House gardens.

Doing the **Ed Sullivan Show** film clip in the EMI Studios.

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Their real names
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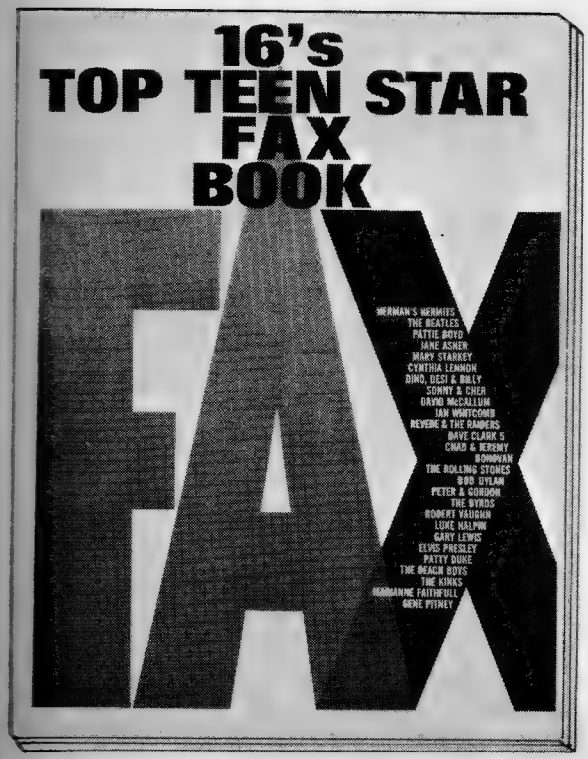


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# CONTEST NEWS

"FIVE ERRORS" CONTEST WINNERS
(From—January Issue)

Colleen Hillock, 12, Montreal, Canada
Linda Whitt, 14, Attalla, Ala.
Suzanne Morin, 10, New Britain, Conn.
Diane Martinez, 12, Satellite Beach, Fla.
Sherry Johnson, 14, Euless, Texas

Each of the above receives a $10 cash prize.

WIN FANG'S "FANG" CONTEST WINNERS
(From January Issue)

Janel Leonard, 16, Atlanta, Ga. (wins Fang's gift package and Fang's "Fang"!)

Runners-Up

Barb Ertner, 14, Spokane, Wash.
Lesley Glienke, 14, Anaheim, Calif.
Pam Tice, 13, Nashville, Tenn.
Beverly Underwood, 14, Detroit, Mich.
Debbie Nancy, 11, Cape Girardeau, Miss.

Each of the above receives an autographed picture of Fang and a full-year's subscription to *16* Magazine.

"MONKEES' TREASURE CHEST" CONTEST WINNERS
(From January Issue)

Barbara Fabby, 14, Ft. Wright, Ky. (wins the Monkees' Treasure Chest!)

Runners-Up:

Betty S. Pettit, 14, Bruce, Miss.
Susan Ainsworth, 15, Weogufka, Ala.
Joanne Prebarich, 15, Eveleth, Minn.
Linda Johnson, 15, Peru, Vt.
Sharon Lester, 13, Bluefield, West Va.
Margie Gillis, 14, Flagstaff, Ariz.
Kathy Ray, 13, Sewert A.F.B., Smyrna, Tenn.
Shirley Griffith, 15, Albuquerque, N. M.
Robi Snelson, 14, Honolulu, Hawaii
Patricia Opdyke, 13, Barringron, R. I.

Each of the above receives an autographed copy of the Monkees' Colgems LP and a full-year's subscription to *16* Magazine.

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John Oosterloo.....Scarborough, Ont., Canada
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Lynn Miller.....Bridgeport, Conn.
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Barbara Carlson.....Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
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Lari Thompson.....Los Angeles, Calif.
Sara Padgett.....Falls Church, Va.
Irene Fiorello.....Yonkers, N.Y.
Sharon Barker.....Miami, Fla.
Antoinette Fazzi.....Scranton, Pa.

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# GEEGEE'S GOSSIP!

## WHAT'S NEW with your favorites from coast-to-coast!

THOSE NEW "Monkee Pads" I wrote about in the last issue are being called *Monkees Stage To Stardom*. They will still be a cross between a disco and an ice cream parlor and will feature records and live talent, but the kick now is that new groups (local, probably) will be introduced at these *Stages* and if they are good enough they will not only be awarded contracts with Colgems Records, but they will also get to appear on *The Monkees* TV show — and the groups can be all boys, all girls or mixed. So grab your Gretsch (preferably one of those which bears a MONKEES endorsement) and start strumming, Rebecca, cos tomorrow you *may* be a star! . . . Our ed, glamorous GLORIA, got another W-O-W thrill when her buddy DAVY JONES barged into *16*'s New York offices recently to pay her *another* surprise visit. This time he brought along other buddy, DAVID PEARL, who politely took a picture of the event . . . Both MICKY DOLENZ and MIKE NESMITH got groovy surprises after their Hawaiian concert last December. MICKY's mom, MRS. JANELLE SCOTT, and MIKE's *Mrs. Phyllis,* turned up backstage after the show, each having secretly flown all the way from California to catch the MONKEES' first-time-ever concert. Quelle *super* surprise! . . . Oh, yeah — MIKE's mom, BETTE GRAHAM, got *quite* a surprise when MIKE flew in to Dallas two days before Christmas and presented her and MIKE's step-dad with "his and her" Honda motor bikes. MIKE gave PHYLLIS a gift a day for a week before Christmas, climaxing it all with a fabulous present of a chinchilla coat (it's *the* most expensive fur you can buy, dears), with a matching mini-skirt. MIKE gave PHYLLIS' folks a new LTD Ford . . . *All* the MONKEES really groove! Each and every one of them *buried* their families and friends with marvelous gifts this Yuletide — and were sincerely thrilled and pleased to be able to do so . . . Speaking of those outasite MONKEES, one of their favorite clothing stores in Hollywood is LENNY'S BOOT PARLOR (they sell *everything* — boots, shirts, pants, etc., in *all* sizes — including those small enough for girls to wear). If you wanta find out what's available from LENNY'S, just send them a note requesting their *free* catalog (be sure to include your name and full correct address when you write to them) and presto, babes — you'll have it in a flash! Write to Lenny's Boot Parlor, 1448 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. . . . Squelch that rumor that sweet HARPO RAIDER is secretly engaged. NOT SO! . . . Douse that rumor that madman MARCUS RAIDER whacked off his pony-tail. NOT SO — but he *did* grow some groovy sidies (as did HARPO).

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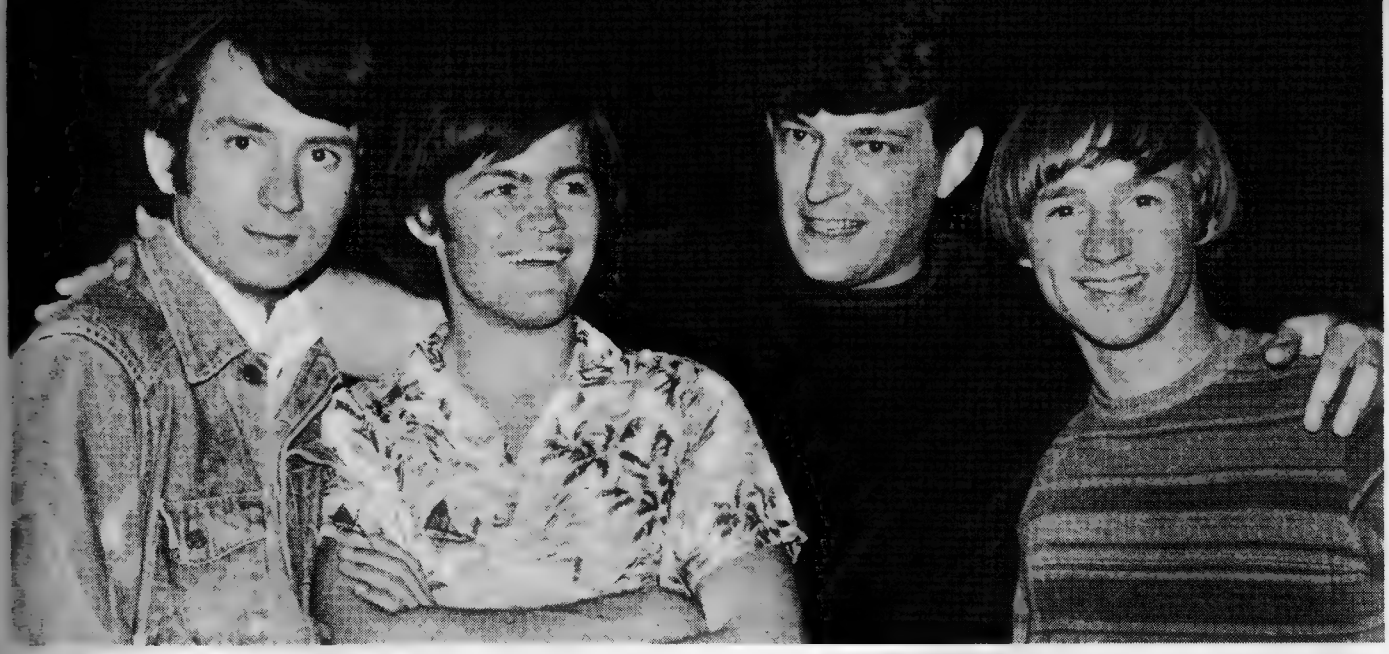
*L.A.'s top deejay, "THE REAL" DON STEELE, of KHJ radio, scored a* coup *recently when he got visited by three little monkeys who have grown up to be great big MONKEES — namely, MIKE, MICKY and PETER . . . GARY LEWIS is getting his Army basic at Ft. Ord, Calif., so you can write to him there . . . DAVE CLARK says it's* not *true that he is going steady with London's "Queen Of The Mods," CATHY McGOWAN. She was just his date for the opening of CLIFF RICHARD's new film,* Finder's Keepers *. . . Wail, golden fingers! BOBBY and JOY HATFIELD had a little RIGHTEOUS baby and named him ROBERT, JR. Welcome! . . . . A* Star Trek *episode early in March will feature SPOCK falling in* love *(well, love is cosmic, after all). The girl in this spaced out romance will probably be DAVID McCALLUM's ex-Mrs., JILL IRELAND . . . NOEL HARRISON is really flipping for the California sun. He is now renting his London flat to STONES' manager ANDREW OLDHAM. His best friends in "Boss" Angeles are CHRIS JONES and BOB LIND. Good company! . . . PETER QUAIFE rejoined the KINKS and is rumored to be secretly married to a Danish girl . . . Hey, if* you *ever* do *make it to L.A., be sure to flop by JERRY HOPKINS' turned on specialty shop — it features ancient clothes, stained glass, sandals,* mandalas, *feathers, painted rocks, posters and many other goodies (including* free *coffee). It's called HEADQUARTERS and is at 1144 Westwood Blvd., Westwood Village.*

●

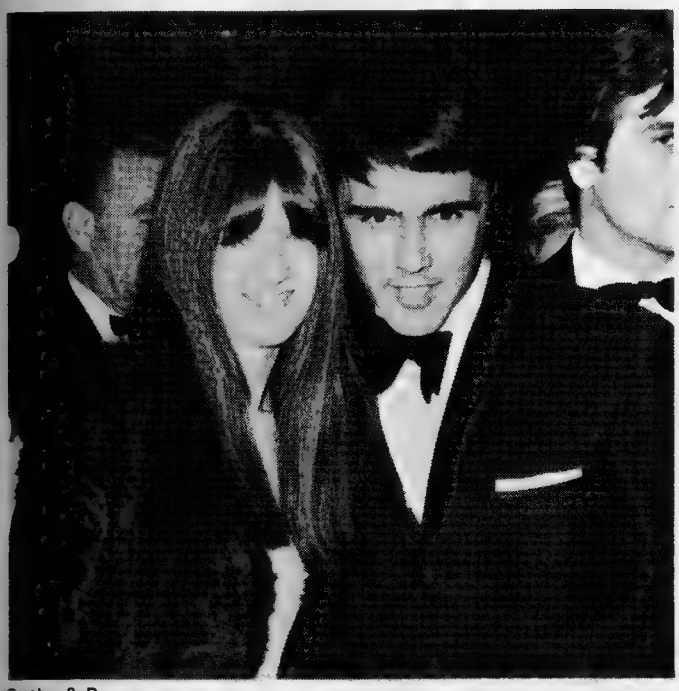
**Hooray! PETER NOONE is going to star in a flick called** Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter. **Shooting starts in England in April . . . YALE SUMMERS may get his own TV series . . . HAYLEY's next is** Pretty Polly, **based on some NOEL COWARD stories . . . JOHN DAVIDSON's next (for DISNEY) will be called** The Family Band **. . . SONNY & CHER are** now **calling their movie** New Times Happy Times **. . . SALLY FIELD has been signed as a regular on NBC-TV's** Hey, Landlord! **STONES' film all set to roll . . . DONOVAN will be doing a flick this coming summer . . . No LPs recommended this month, but I would like to call your attention to one of the greatest jazz albums to hit the scene in eons. It is PAUL HORN's smashing** Monday, Monday **on RCA-Victor. It is PAUL's interpretation of the top pop hits of 1966 — and it is ultra-outasite! Go get.**

**The pop scene has finally got everything** including **the Kitchen Cinq — a group of five boss cats (pictured here with their producer Suzi Jane Hokom) who are recording on LHI Records. Their first single is** You'll Be Sorry Someday **— but I bet we never will, cos they're the greatest thing since running water . . . Monkees' TV debut in Great Britain an instant smash — mass hysteria and super great reviews!!**

**GeeGee's special guest in the photo up there this issue is none other than swingy little LYNNE RANDELL of Australia — who hopes to become a pop star here soon! We hope you do too, LYNNE!**



Don Steele & friends



Cathy & Dave

Davy & Gloria

Joy, Robert & Bobby

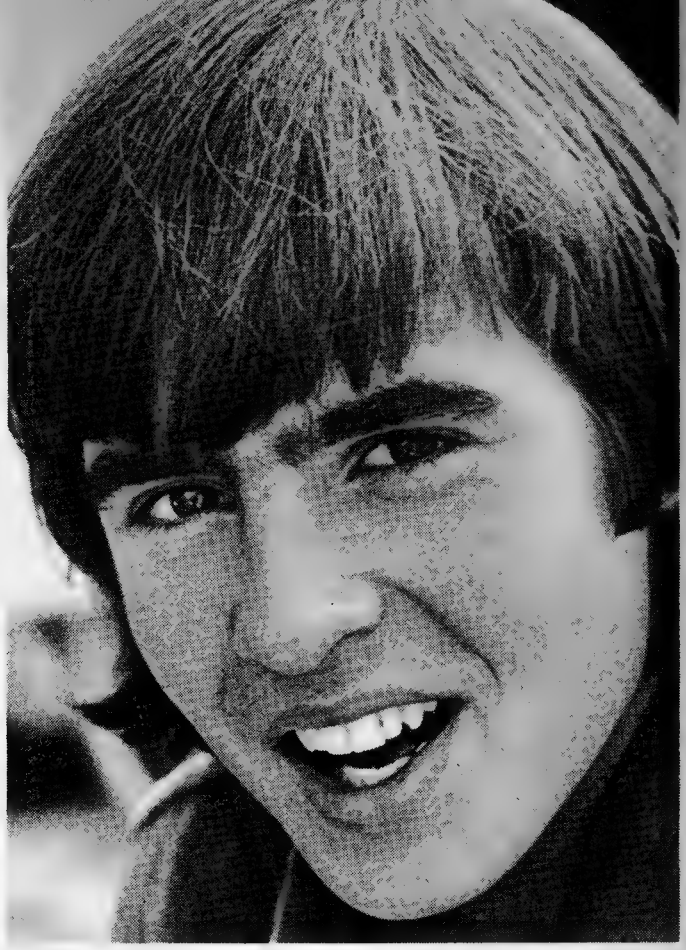
Paul Horn

Kitchen Cinq

# MY LIFE IN PICTURES

PART 2

## by DAVY JONES



### *OUR hero skips onward from a skiffle group to cricket to race horses.*

GREETINGS! It's me again — dauntless Davy Jones — taking up where I left off last month in the exciting (and seemingly unending) story of my life in pix. So heigh-ho — let's get on with it!

Here we are — back at school again. Still at Varna Street School in Manchester. I was 12 when this picture was taken and I am at the far left in the bottom row. On the far upper right is one of my best friends back home — Eric Kay. He now works for the British Railway, as my dad used to.

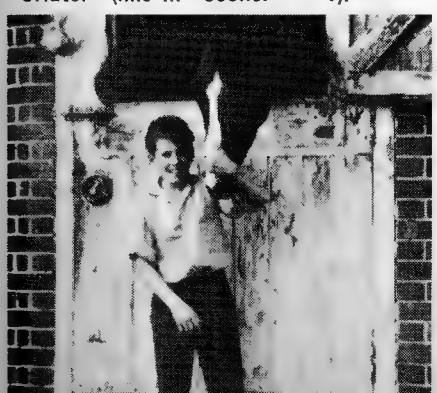
Also at 12 (that's me with the banjo on the left) I attended the Congregational School. I had a skiffle group (so we called ourselves the Congo Boys — get it?). When this was taken, we were playing at a party after Whitsun Walk. Our most requested number was **Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight?**

At 13, this is how I got all dressed up for my elder sister Hazel's wedding. I hated short pants and this was the last time I wore them. How do you like my nifty corsage?

Well, I **did** wear short pants when we played cricket. Here I am, front and center (and captain of the team, I might add), with the Higher Openshaw Secondary Modern team.

Ah, here we are! Another typical school picture of dashing Davy Jones. (At least, I don't have chocolate smeared all over my face in this one.) I was 14 years old when this was taken.

At 15, I began hanging out at the Newmarket racing stable, which was 50 miles from London. This horse's name was "Orlater" (like in "Sooner — "?).



Here I am again at Newmarket. In this picture, I was learning how to ride. After this, I became an apprentice jockey.

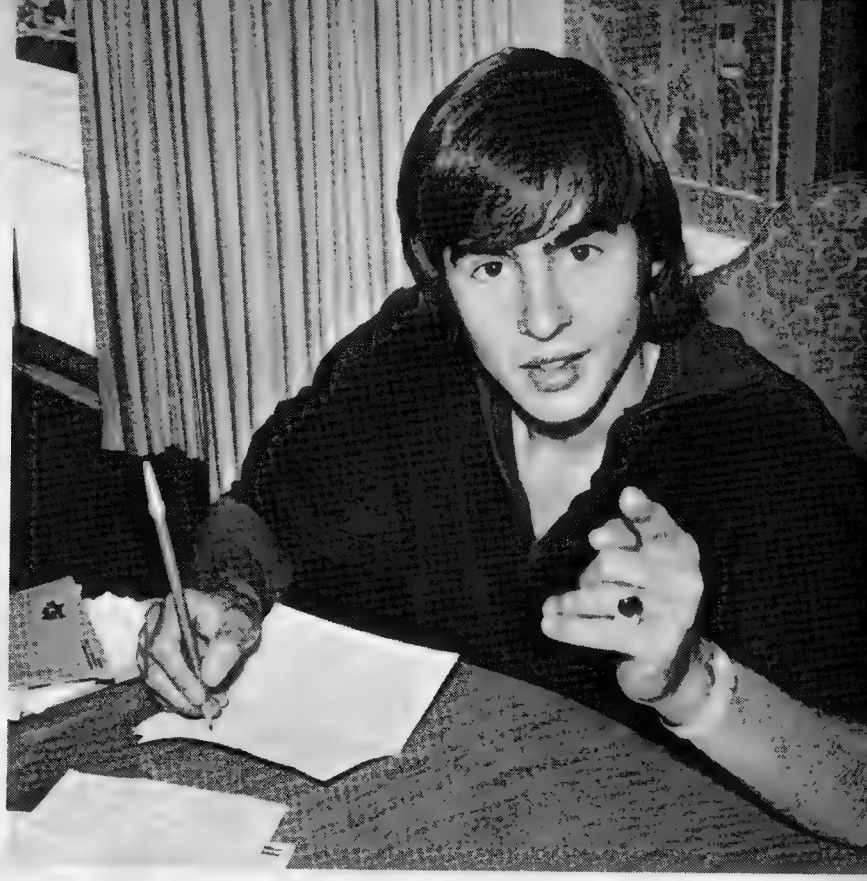
But fate was about to change all that, and little did I know that right there at the racing stable one day I would meet the man who would start me on my acting career. More about that in the next issue. See you then.

The May issue of **16** Magazine goes on sale at your newsstand March 21st. Reserve your copy now.

**AND NOW — TURN THE PAGE AND FIND OUT HOW YOU CAN SPEND A WHOLE DAY WITH ME!**

# WIN A DAY WITH DAVY JONES!

## *A Swinging 16 Super Easy, Outasite Scoop!*



Wow! *Wow!* WOW! They said it couldn't be done — but *16* Magazine and that super, swinging Monkee, Davy Jones, have done it. *What?!*

Why, we fixed it so that *you* — and that means YOU — could spend a whole, entire, complete, delicious, delightful, delovely day with the one and only Davy Jones! Here is just a taste of what your fantastic and wonderful adventure is going to be like:

You and your chaperone will be transported by car, train, bus, airplane or magic carpet (depending on where you come from) to wherever Davy happens to be on the day of the big contest pay-off. Lately, Davy has been doing a lot of traveling from Los Angeles to New York City. So if the *Win A Day With Davy Jones Contest* prize is awarded while Davy is in New York City, then that is where you and your chaperone will meet him. If, however, Davy is sunning it up in lovely Los Angeles (same place as Hollywood, bubie — it's just such a groovy place it has to have *two* names), then *that's* where you will be transported.

In other words, wherever in this whole world Davy *is* when "dream day plus zero" arrives, you can be super sure that you and your chaperone are slam-bang right on the spot *with* Davy. During your day with Davy you will have brunch, go sightseeing, and be taken on a shopping spree in which Davy will buy you $100 worth of groovy presents — like the kind of clothes you and Davy dig, a bottle of Davy's favorite cologne Yardley's Oh! de London for you to wear, a super surprise, secret gift (which Davy will have chosen for you in advance), and a set of souvenirs from whichever swinging city you're in for you to take home and show, or give, to all your friends. After an unbelievable day of fun, there is still more to come! In the evening, Davy Jones will take you out to dinner and then on to a swinging disco or club (or two).

But more important than all these outasite thrills and surprises is the fact that you will be *right by the side* of that adorable Monkee — Davy Jones. He will hold your hand. He will talk to you. He will probably ask you some questions (if you're bashful, don't worry — Davy is easy to get to know and be friends with), and you will have the time of your life with one of the most wonderful boys in the whole wide world!

What do you have to do to have this dream of a lifetime come true for *you*? Practically nuthin', my dear — it's E-Z-ier than ABC and ten times more fun. You can bet on that!

All you have to do is write a one-page letter entitled: "Why I Would Love To Spend A Day With Davy Jones." Make your letter simple and sincere; write it just as if you were talking to your closest friend and telling what Davy means to you. Write on *one side* of the paper only — *don't* write on the back.

When you have written your letter, choose a photograph of yourself *taken recently*. Attach your photo to your letter — then fill in the coupon on this page, cut it out and mail it, together with your letter and photo, to the address on the coupon. (*Note:* no photographs will be returned.)

All letters will be judged by Davy Jones and Gloria Stavers, editor of *16* Magazine. They will select the *one* letter which in their judgment is the best — the most heartfelt and the most sincere. And the writer of that prize-winning letter will spend a heavenly day in Hollywood or in New York City with Davy Jones.

*And that's not all!* The writer of the prize-winning letter will also receive a personal note from Davy, a large, glossy, personally autographed portrait of Davy, and a copy of the brand-new Colgems' Monkees LP, *More Of The Monkees,* plus a full-year's free subscription to *16* Magazine.

Five runners-up selected by the judges will also be given prizes: each will be awarded a personally autographed portrait of Davy, a copy of the Colgems' LP, *More Of The Monkees,* and a full-year's free subscription to *16* Magazine.

So get hoppin', little ones! Pick up a pen, a pencil or a typewriter and write that letter rightaway!

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**"WIN A DAY WITH DAVY JONES" CONTEST APRIL 1967**

Please enroll me in *16*'s "Win A Day With Davy Jones" Contest. My letter and photograph are attached to this coupon.

PLEASE PRINT

MY NAME ..... AGE .....

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CITY ..... ZIP CODE .....

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Mail this coupon with your letter and photo to:

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# **WOW!!** They're ultra-outasite! **WHAT?** These biggest-ever, **MOST** beautiful-ever, neatest, bossest, **BRAND NEW** super-giant signed

## pin-ups of:

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GEORGE HARRISON
JOHN LENNON
DAVID McCALLUM
ROBERT VAUGHN
HERMAN
KARL GREEN
LEK LECKENBY
KEITH HOPWOOD
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# Monkees & Me

**Continued from Page 16**

accent which sent all the Hawaiian kids into instant madness (especially since during the entire number there were huge pictures of Davy and a little girl about five years old flashed on the screens on the backdrops).

After the intermission the guys did *I'm Not Your Steppin' Stone,* which was number one in Hawaii – so you can imagine the audience reaction to that. At the end of *Stone,* in which Micky sings lead, Davy took over the drums and Micky came forward with a mike and the guys kept faking endings to the tune until Micky was left alone on the stage. This was the beginning of the boys' solo numbers. Micky announced Peter, who came out and did *East Virginia Blues* – a folk tune and the kind of music Peter likes best. He wore a white sweater, tan boots and tight checked slacks. The audience ate the whole thing up. Peter then introduced Mike, who did *You Can't Judge A Book By Looking At Its Cover* (an old Bo Diddley number). Mike had changed to a blue shirt, black boots and narrow grey and black striped pants. He had a back-up band on the tune and was able to move freely about the stage playing maracas.

Micky and Mike do their "James Brown routine."

Photo courtesy Portraits-Hawaii.

Mike then introduced Davy, who came out on the stage in a black tuxedo with a white ruffled shirt and shiny black boots. He did *The Joker* (an Anthony Newley tune from *Roar Of The Greasepaint* – Broadway show tunes are Davy's favorite kind of music). Meanwhile, Micky had slipped from the stage and now Davy introduced him. Micky came out in a flowered coat and with a pair of sun glasses on, a big hat perched on his head, a lei around his neck and sporting wildly striped pants. He threw the lei into the audience as he walked on an this caused a panic among the fans. He broke into *I Got A Woman* and danced all around the stage – and Micky can dance up a storm when he wants to. Then Micky started taking off the flowered coat and Mike came out and tried to restrain him – and soon they were deep into a "James Brown routine". When Mike would finally get Micky off stage, he would come charging back on, do a flip and land in a split. Eventually, the guys got Micky off, but not before the crowd was on its feet cheering wildly.

## PANDEMONIUM – THEN PRIVACY

When all of the Monkees returned to the stage, they had on grey suits and beige double-breasted Monkee shirts. Peter went into *If I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate* and Mike kept lowering his microphone until Peter was almost lying down by the end of the number. The fans thought this was very funny and shouted their approval. Next, the boys did another Hawaiian favorite, *Take A Giant Step,* with Mike playing lead guitar, Peter on organ – and Davy playing the bass! The last tune – and Mike made a mistake by announcing that it *was* to be their last tune – was *I'm A Believer.* Throughout the song, thousands of flash bulbs popped until the arena was filled with a great white light. The crowds began to move down and tried to break through the police barricade. Behind the boys, the screens were showing a series of wild scenes from some Monkees' "romps", and in front hundreds of fans were hurling things onto the stage until it finally looked it was snowing in the arena. At the end of the tune, the boys put their instruments down and dashed off into a waiting limo. But the fans who had decided to miss the last tune and wait outside for a closer look at their new idols managed to get an eyeful, for the car was held up for 30 minutes by the waiting crowd.

Soon we were all extricated from the "situation" by the security guards and were rushed back to our hotel. There, we were spirited up to our suites and the doors were locked behind us. Suddenly, it was all over – all was quiet and still. Davy, Peter, Mike and Micky – and I – all looked at one another. In the same moment, we all must have had exactly the same thoughts: we felt strangely sad, like a beautiful fairy tale or dream had abruptly come to an end. But at the same time, we felt deeply and wildly happy – for the Monkees had *made it.* In glorious, beautiful, warm and happy Hawaii, they had proved to the world (and to themselves) that they were good – maybe even great – and that they were here to stay!

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**This is the first in a series of what I hope will be many groovy Monkees stories** for **you** by **me — David Pearl — in** 16 **Magazine. I'll see you in the May issue with much more** true inside **Monkees news. So don't miss the next issue of** 16. **It goes on sale March 21. See you then!**

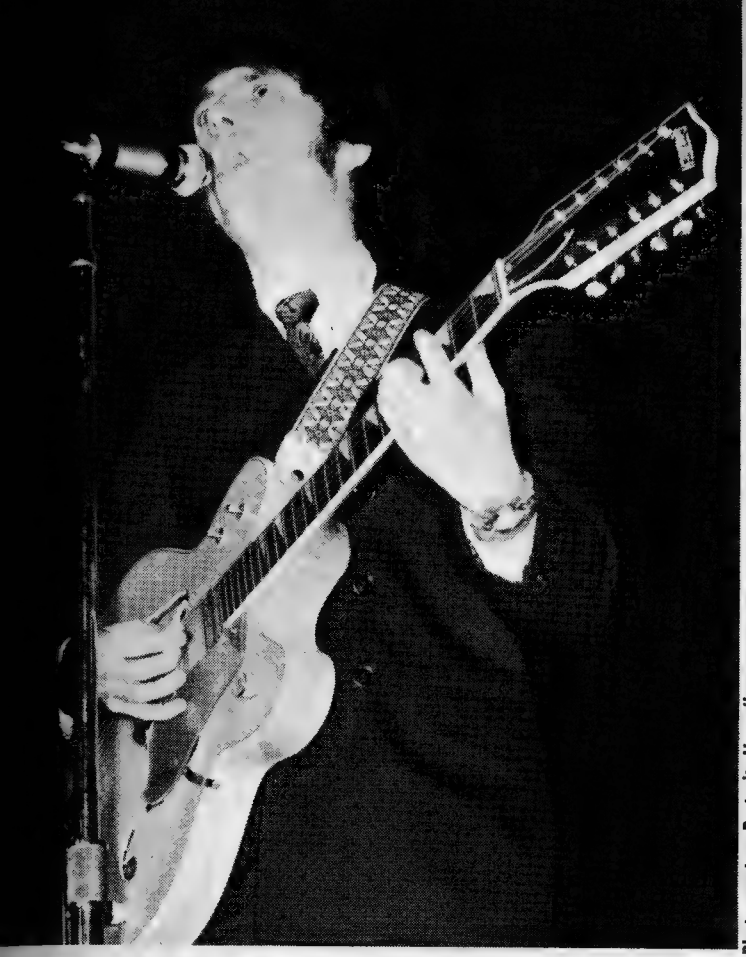


Photo courtesy Portraits-Hawaii.

Mike belts out a number.

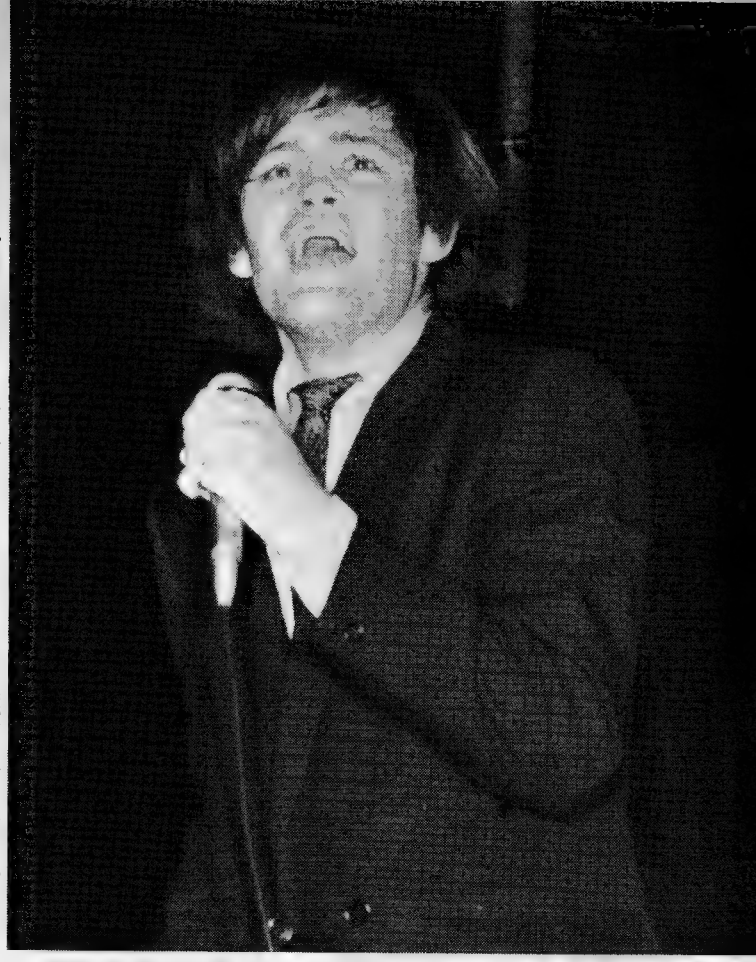


Photo courtesy Portraits-Hawaii.

Micky comes on strong.

Peter plays the electric organ.

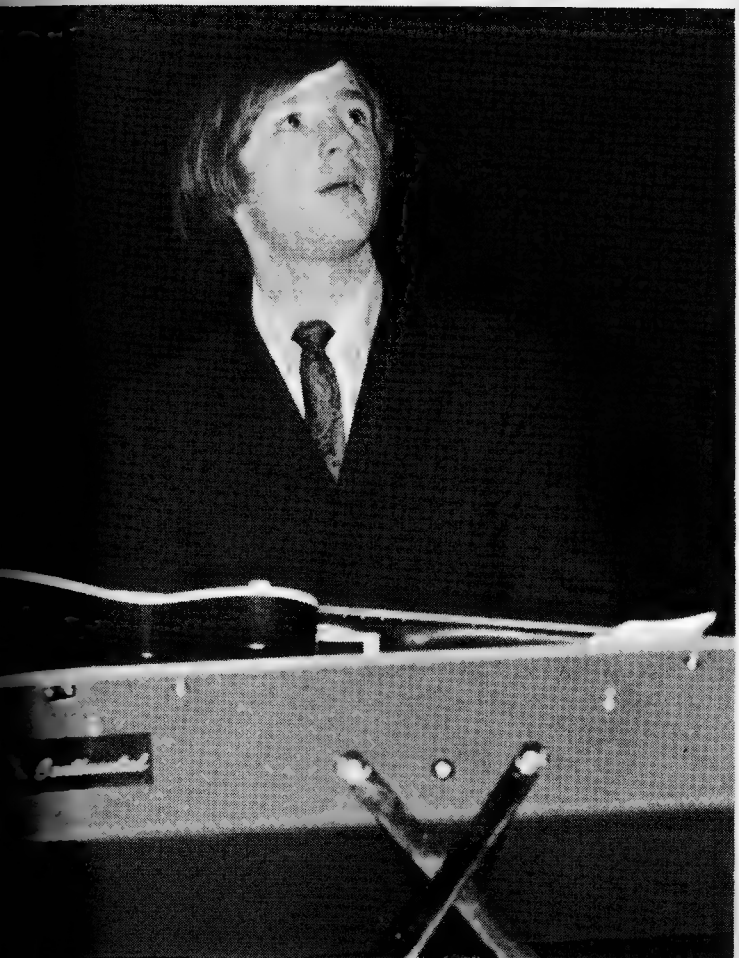


Photo courtesy Portraits-Hawaii.

Davy sings **The Joker.**

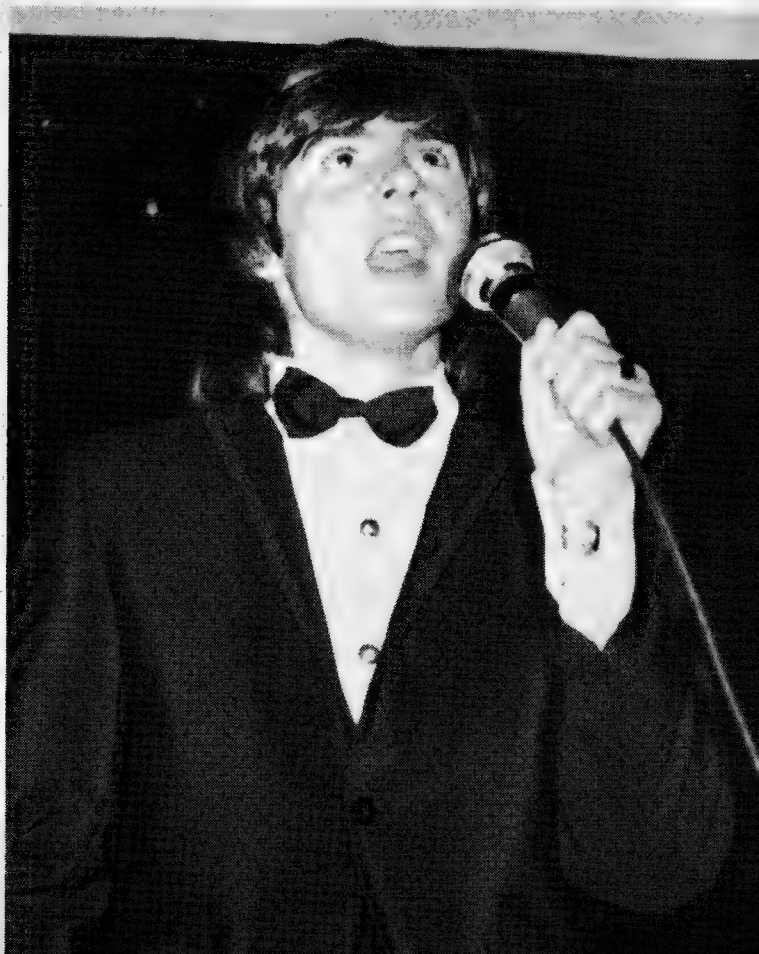


Photo courtesy Portraits-Hawaii.

# RICCI RATS ON DINO, DESI & BILLY

PHOTO BY GLORIA STAVERS. WORLD COPYRIGHT 16 MAGAZINE.

**RICCI MARTIN, Dino's groovy little brother, is 13 years old and an excellent drummer (watch out, DD&B — Ricci and his junior "ratpack" may eclipse you all one day!) Since Ricci probably knows Dino, Desi and Billy as well — if not** better **— than anybody else, he was asked by *16* to tell** all **on this famous trio.**

"I guess I'll start with Dino, since I know him best of all. Let's see — he's *nice,* but he picks on me a lot. He always asks me to do things *for* him,but I don't mind because he usually lets me do things *with* him. Like when he took me on tour with him when DD&B did concerts in the southeast with the Raiders late last summer. (Speaking of the Raiders, now *they're* another story, and a very interesting one. I'll get around to *them* in some future issue of *16*!)

"Anyway, when I heard about the tour coming up, I really wanted to go. I thought it would be *fun.* First, I asked my parents and they said O.K.; and then I asked Dino and he said O.K. I didn't quite believe it, but it really happened — and, man, it was quite different from how I thought it was going to be. For instance, if you go out on a tour with a bunch of guys like that, you think it's going to be excitement and laughs all the way. Actually, it turned out to be a little boring for me, because I hardly *ever* got to see any of the guys (except when we were traveling together on the bus). Like before each show they were always busy getting ready, and during the show they were out *there* while I hung around backstage. After the show (I had usually eaten dinner already), it was my bedtime, so I slept while the guys went out, had their meal and some fun. Well, I *hope* they had some fun. Anyway, I wouldn't have missed it for anything — but I just want you to know that traveling with a

tour isn't as glamorous as you or I might think it would be.

"By the way, I call Dino 'the missing Martin' cos he *never* seems to be at home any more. He goes to school, then he meets his friends for the afternoon. He comes home for dinner and then he goes to record, or he just goes 'out' (and he never tells me *where*). Weekends — well, forget about 'em. He just seems to vanish. But there's *one* way I get to see him. That's when he has a lot of homework. Dino HATES homework, but it's kind of nice when he has it cos the family gets to see a lot of him — even if he is buried under a pile of papers and books.

"Dino gets lots of fan mail at the house and he reads every single letter. But he's not so good at answering his mail, so if you don't get an answer, it doesn't mean that he didn't get your letter and read it — it just means that there's too much mail for him to personally take care of. I'm sure you understand. Dino gets lots of gifts from fans, too. For his birthday, he got two whole boxes of ID bracelets and he really wears them all. I mean, he wears one and someone either takes it or he loses it, so he goes back to the boxes and picks up another, and so on. He'll be running out soon, so if any of you Dino fans are wondering what to get him for a gift, send him some refills for his ID bracelet boxes!

"Sometimes girls come to the house and ring the door bell and ask to see Dino. As I said before, he's usually *not* at home, but when he is he always goes out and talks to the girls. If he doesn't have homework, or a pressing engagement, he sits around and talks for quite a while, and sometimes he even takes kids on a tour of the house.

"Speaking of girls, he really digs 'em. Like, they're the second most important thing in his life — his music is the first (sorry about that, ladies). Dino seems to like a variety of types of girls. None of them are alike and none of them are *usual* looking. I don't mean that they are funny looking, but they're definitely *not* run-of-the-mill types. Dino likes slim girls of medium height, and he usually wants them to have long, straight hair. But if you don't, don't worry about it cos he dates plenty of girls with short, curly hair too. Dino likes girls who are very quiet, but who are warm and friendly — and when he dates a girl, he *always* brings them home to meet the folks.

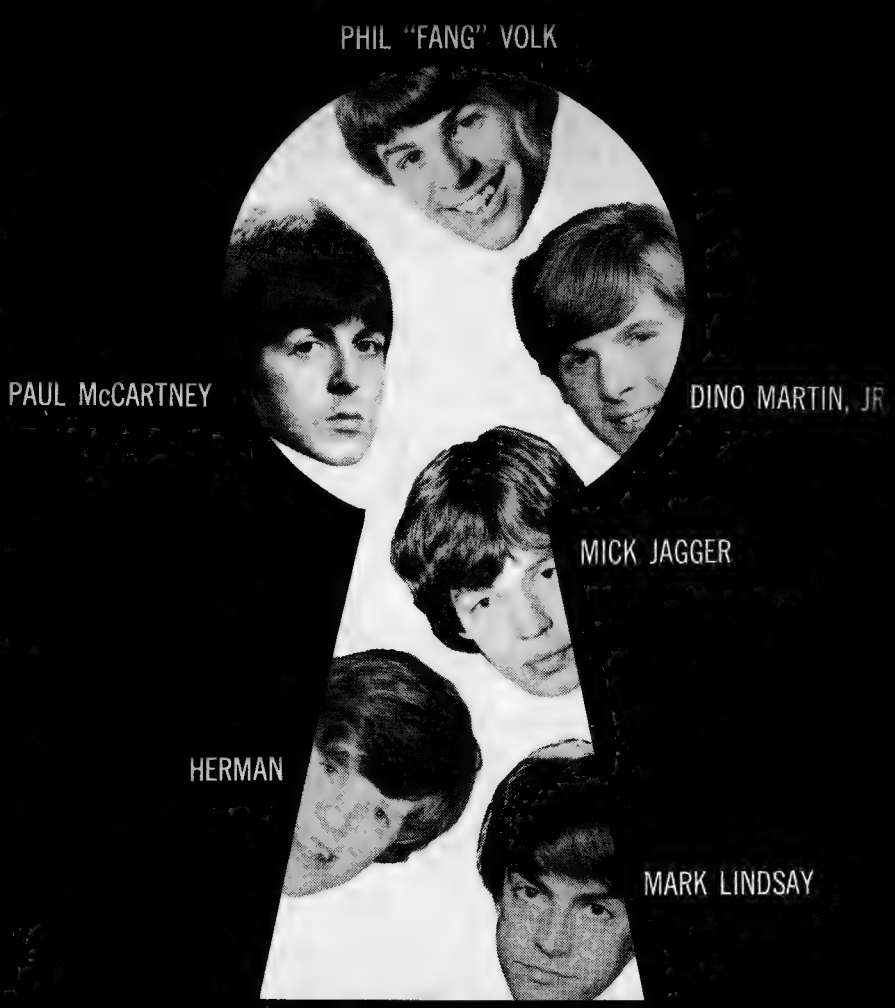
"Dino's biggest hang-up are things that MOVE, especially things with big engines that move *real fast*. He has been waiting eagerly for years to reach the legal driving age — 16. Ready for him when he becomes 16 is a silver Ferrari that will accelerate to 160 mph in about 60 seconds; his own Triumph 500 motor bike and dad's big Triumph 650. And — get this — Dino's latest yen is to learn how to fly a helicopter. But I think that action has been phased out by Mom, who says simply 'N.O.' and that spells *no* — as you know) every time the subject comes up.

"Actually, having Dino for a brother is pretty much of a gas; I mean, I wouldn't want to trade him in on anybody I've ever met. For instance, he's very generous. He has a way of quietly finding out what I want and then making sure that I get it. Like the road-race set I got on my last birthday (I was 13 last September 20th). Dino is the kind of person who likes to *work* for what he gets. It's no secret that the family would give him just about everything he wants, but he takes real pride in the things that he has been able to work for and get for himself. He's smart (I don't mean "school smart"), and he can spot a phony a mile away. However, Dino is not critical of other people; he observes and learns, but he never puts anyone down. Dino is very ambitious in a good way. He studies his music very hard and long, and I'm really proud of what he and the guys have done so far. I sincerely believe that one day (with your help and loyalty, of course) Dino, Desi and Billy are going to be one of the biggest and most popular recording groups in the industry. I hope so. Don't you?

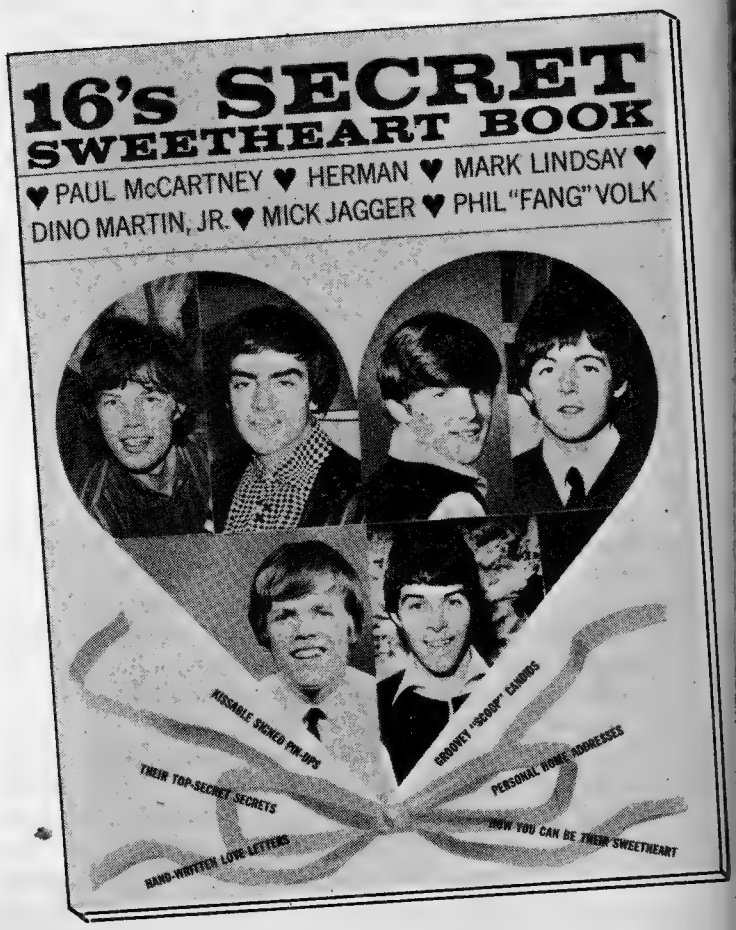
**"Oops! Ran out of room and I didn't even get to Desi and Billy. Well, I'll save 'em for the May issue of *16* (it goes on sale at your newsstand March 21st). Reserve your copy now and I'll meet you right here — same time, same station — next month. 'Bye for now!"**

DINO & RICCI

# NOW YOU CAN KNOW SECRETS ABOUT THESE SIX "SWEETHEARTS" THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN PRINTED BEFORE!




HEY — it'll be like you know all these dream guys personally! And you will — practically. *16*'s *SECRET SWEETHEART BOOK* tells you ten super-*secret* secrets about these six fabulous dream guys never before published! PLUS their home addresses — PLUS a love letter to you in their own handwriting — PLUS a tried-and-true list of the things you can do to become their favorite sweetheart — PLUS: DELICIOUS KISSABLE CLOSE-UP SIGNED PIN-UPS — AND FOUR ADORABLE NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN CANDIDS OF EACH STAR! All this can be yours for only one dollar — but don't delay — or you could miss out entirely. Mail this coupon *now*!


16's SECRET
SWEETHEART BOOK
♥ PAUL McCARTNEY ♥ HERMAN ♥ MARK LINDSAY ♥
DINO MARTIN, JR. ♥ MICK JAGGER ♥ PHIL "FANG" VOLK
KISSABLE SIGNED PIN-UPS
GROOVY "SCOOP" CANDIDS
THEIR TOP-SECRET SECRETS
PERSONAL HOME ADDRESSES
HAND-WRITTEN LOVE-LETTERS
HOW YOU CAN BE THEIR SWEETHEART

**16's SECRET SWEETHEART BOOK** **APRIL 1967**

Please send me *16's Secret Sweetheart Book*.
I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT

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**ADDRESS** .....

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**16's SECRET SWEETHEART BOOK**
**16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022**

# DAVE CLARK 5 TELL **ALL** ON EACH OTHER!

IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN – you *know,* when you all sit around, take a pencil and paper, and write what you honest 'n' truly think of each other! *Now,* that's what the dolly Dave Clark 5 *just* did, and it's really gonna blow your mind when you find out what Mike, Denis, Lenny and Rick think about their "noble leader," the one and only Dave Clark. Get ready – get set – *go!*

### WHAT WE THINK OF DAVE CLARK

**Mike Smith:** *"A true friend; very conscientious; a very good businessman; definitely a non-smoker and non-drinker, but a fun-lover of the first order; very thoughtful about other peoples' feelings – really tries to help others. He always appears confident, but is like everyone else and needs reassurance from time to time; hates rude people; loves children and animals; very devoted to his family; doesn't smile much, but when he does it spreads from ear to ear; has a memory like no one else I know (except an elephant!); is devoted to his work and especially to music; brings the best out of anybody who works with him; drives others hard, but knows when to stop; when aroused has the same temper as myself (that is – very* bad*!)."*

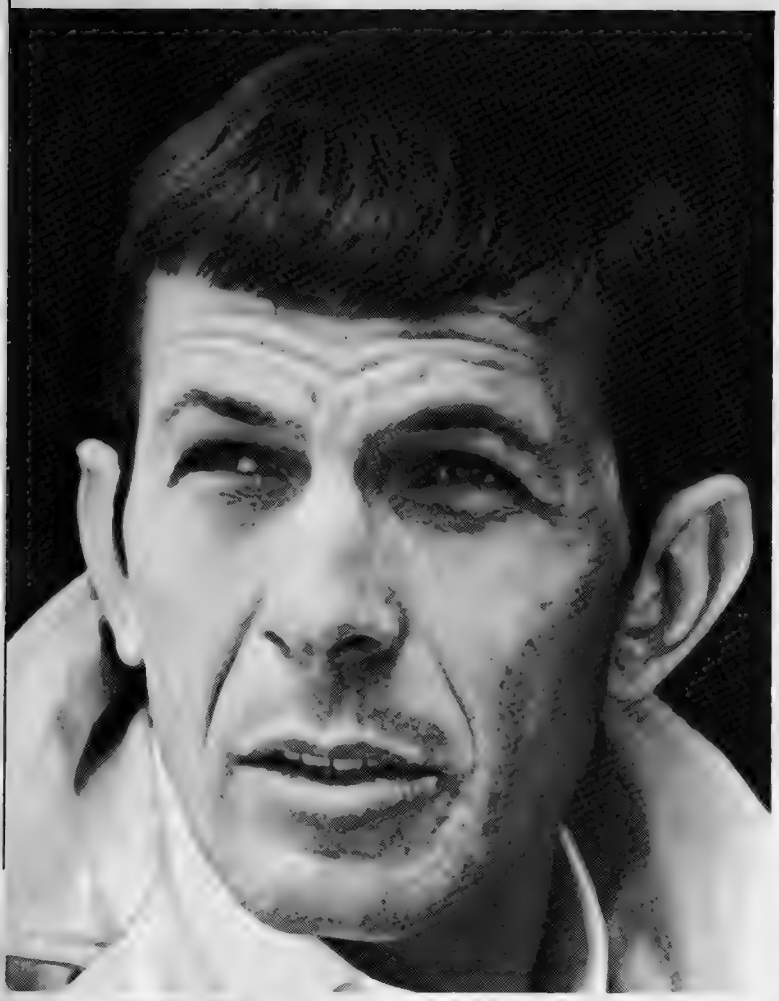
**Denis Payton:** "Dave is one of my closest friends; he is perhaps one of the most competent people I have ever met; when working, he is rather like a dynamo of energy; he conducts himself brilliantly in the business world and I have learned a lot from him. He is very close to his parents and family (a thing to be admired), and he is also very kind – especially to animals; we have seen him get very angry at the idea of a horse pulling a cart!"

**Lenny Davidson:** *"Dave always stands by his decisions; he worries about his appearance, but he always looks very nice; he finds it hard to reveal his inner-self to just anybody, but he feels things quite deeply; his eyes give him away every time. Dave is fussy about his food (he* hates *bad service); he takes things to heart, although he doesn't appear to; he's always thinking at any given time."*

**Rick Huxley:** "Very often, Dave sits silently and deep in thought (usually about the group's future); sometimes it's hard to get through to him – but when you do, you get a straight answer; our "Chief" and final decision-maker. Dave is very fond of jewelry, animals and "knick-knacks"; if he sees something he wants, he usually gets it – in a nice way, of course; he is very unlucky with his *food – never* seems to get exactly what he orders! But Dave takes it all with a grin and doesn't let anything get him down. Great guy!"

**Don't miss the May issue of 16 — on sale March 21st. Find out what Dave and the rest of the DC5's real thoughts are about each other. See you then!**

# THE REAL NIMOY!



**LEONARD**

**SPOCK**

*DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN? Every Thursday evening at 8:30, EST, he jets into your home on your NBC-TV channel in a show named* Star Trek. *All of you who watch the show know him as Spock, and know that he comes from outer space.*

*But there's a lot more to Spock than meets the eye — as most of you suspect, judging from the host of letters you've written asking what Spock is* really *like. To give you the full and true facts,* 16 *invites you aboard its exclusive flying missile, and — hold on! — here we go to the stratosphere to get answers from none other than Spock himself!*

"My full real name is Leonard Nimoy. I've never had a nickname except Spock, the name I use on *Star Trek.*

"I was born on March 26 in Boston, Massachusetts, and I still have a trace of a New England accent in my speech. I came into the world with brown hair and hazel eyes, and I still have them; I also grew to my present six feet and 165 pounds. My mother's name was (and is) Dora, my dad's Max, and I have a brother named Melvin.

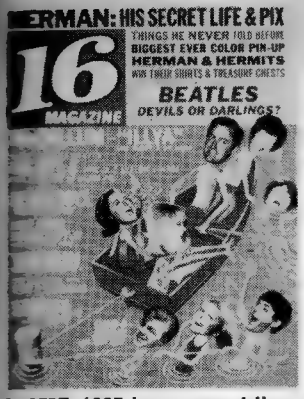
"I went to Boston College which, since it is in my home city, kept me close to the family while it also improved my education. Then, in 1954, I married a lovely girl named Sandi. Today we have two children: Julie, 11, and Adam, 10 — and we live in an attractive and extremely comfortable Mediterranean-type house in Fox Hills, California.

"When I'm not deeply involved in my role of Spock on *Star Trek,* I enjoy playing the guitar, listening to recordings — I like all kinds of music, prefer the Beatles and the Monkees among the groups and Frank Sinatra and Ray Charles among the individual singers — and catching the newest films; Anthony Quinn is my favorite actor and the actress I admire most is Anne Bancroft. I enjoy TV too, naturally, but I work so late into the evening on *Star Trek* that I rarely have time to watch other shows, and so I have no favorite program.

"The colors I am most partial to are green and blue, and I go for tasty food of every description. Woodworking takes a good deal of my free time (it gives me a kick to work with my hands around the house), and tropical fish and photography are two of my other hobbies. I enjoy fishing and haul out my hook-and-line whenever the mood seizes me.

"My ambition: I want to be the best actor I can possibly become, and I am working very hard to perfect my talents. Eventually, I would like to act in good feature films — in roles which have bite and say something about life.

"If you would like to write to me, I would be delighted to hear from you. Address your letters to: Leonard Nimoy, 1933 Comstock Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California. I will answer every letter I possibly can."

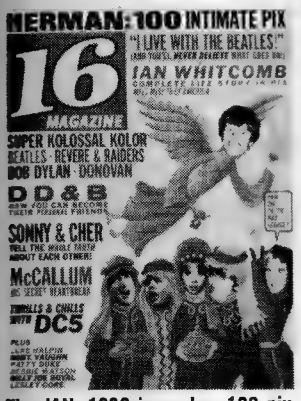



In SEPT. 1965 issue you get Herman's Secret Life and Pix plus a color pin-up of him and Hermits; and fab features on McCallum, Beatles, Beach Boys, Stones, Chad & Jeremy, etc.!

In OCT. 1965 issue you learn the truth about the Beatles' girls, Herman confesses his hates and luvs, Stones reveal 100 sizzling secrets, Chad and Jeremy answer 80 snoopy questions, etc., etc.!

In NOV. 1965 issue 'ermans WHOLE life story plus super giant pin-up of 'im! 50 wild pix of the Beatles. Color portrait (large) of D.D. & B. Fly with the Byrds! More, more like the most!

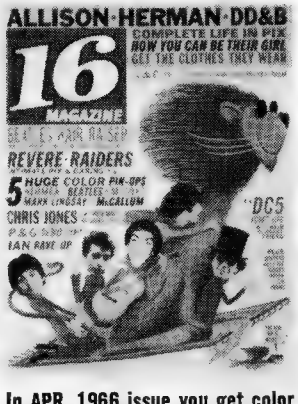
In DEC. 1965 issue Neil reveals red-hot secrets of the Beatles, Herman's Hermits tell all on each other, Sonny & Cher answer 100 ?s, Chris Jagger squeals on the Stones, and there are color pin-ups galore!



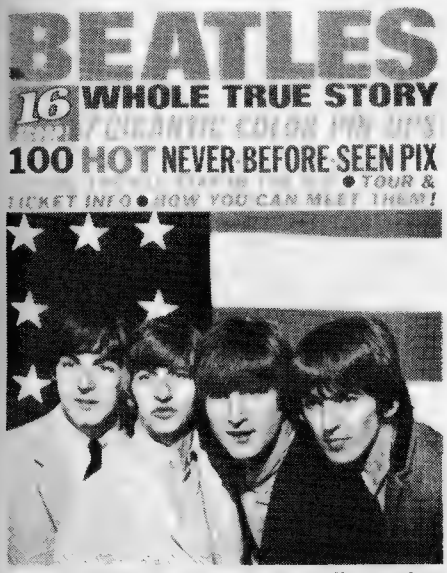

The JAN. 1966 issue has 100 pix of 'erman (intimate)! Super Kolossal Kolor of the Beatles, R. & Raiders, Dylan & Donovan! Sonny & Cher tell about each other! The secret heartache of McCallum plus much mucha more!

In FEB. 1966 issue you get the life story and 100 pix of Dino, Desi & Billy; McCallum's life story; an inside secret story on Sonny & Cher; huge color pin-ups of Stones, Vaughn, Pitney; and much, much more!

In MAR. 1966 issue are 50 wild pix and 50 secrets of the Beatles, color pin-ups of DD&B, Sonny & Cher, Elvis, Chris Jones, the DC5 answer 55 questions, and Fang, Revere, Mark, Smitty and Drake tell all on each other!




In APR. 1966 issue you get color pin-ups of Herman, Beatles, Mark Lindsay, McCoys and McCallum, the secret life of the DC5, intimate pix of Revere & Raiders, a Beatles hair-raiser, a P & G send-up, and an Ian rave-up!




Beatles Whole True Story is the full, complete story of the Fab Four: Paul, George, John & Ringo. You get 7 gigantic color pin-ups and 100 never-before-seen Beatle pix! Don't miss this one-of-a-kind Beatles book. There's never been anything like it!

In Summer SPEC '66 you'll find bang-up features on the Beatles and Raiders, 7 signed color pin-ups of 7-top favorite stars, 50 teen star home addresses and autographs, and outasite scoops on Herman & the Hermits, D, D & B, McCallum, Stones, Sonny & Cher, Peter & Gordon, and a host of others!

Please send me the magazines I have checked. I ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR EACH COPY.

**APRIL 1967**

- September 1965 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- October 1965 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- November 1965 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- December 1965 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- January 1966 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- February 1966 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- March 1966 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- April 1966 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- Beatles Whole True Story ..... ☐
- 16's Winter SPEC '66 ..... ☐

PLEASE PRINT

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Address.....

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State.....

SEND TO: "BACK ISSUES" 16 MAGAZINE
745 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK 10022

# YOU'RE TELLING ME

### FROM GLORIA STAVERS

I want to assure each and every one of you who has ever written a letter to me, at *16* Magazine, that every single letter is read and that careful consideration is given to everything you write. I'm sure you understand that there isn't enough space in my magazine for me to publish every letter and that there simply isn't enough time for me to answer every letter personally. But please know that I'm deeply grateful to you for writing me and that I appreciate every suggestion and criticism you address to me. Write to me as follows: Miss Gloria Stavers, *16* Magazine, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

### SNOOPY LUVVERS

Dear Miss Stavers,

Please print a picture of the ROYAL GUARDSMEN, who sing *Snoopy Vs The Red Baron*, and tell me where I can write to them.

Sandi Cone

West Middlesex, Pa.

• *Dear Sandi,*

*You can write to the ROYAL GUARDSMEN in care of Laurie Records, 35 W. 45th St., New York City.*

### LONDON'S LATEST EXPORT

Dear Miss Stavers,

I have heard of a groovy singer from London named DAVID GARRICK. Can you give me any information about him?

Lynn Denby

Chicago, Ill.

• *Dear Lynn,*

*DAVID GARRICK is a super-gorgeous British singer who will soon be coming to this country. He will be recording here on Epic Records and you can write to him in care of Bill Smith, 231 E. 47th St., New York City.*

### DAVY & MARK FAN

Dear Miss Stavers,

When I opened my *Super Giant Pin-ups*, I was so happy I almost cried. They're all great, but the ones of DAVY JONES and MARK LINDSAY are really the ginchiest!

Joy Senter

New York City

• *Dear Joy,*

*Glad you're glad. Any others who would like to get turned on to super-giant-pin-up gladness, turn to Page 55.*

### CRYAN SHAMES

Dear Miss Stavers,

Please run a picture of the CRYAN SHAMES and tell me where I can send them a letter. I think they're the greatest thing since ice cream.

Jane Adams

Hobart, Ind.

• *Dear Jane,*

*Your word is my command. Here's your pic and you can write to the CS in care of Columbia Records, 51 W. 52nd St., New York City.*

### MICKY'S RIGHT AGE

Dear Miss Stavers,

I'm all mixed up. In your MICKY DOLENZ story in the February issue, you printed that he was born in 1948 and his sisters' ages were different from what I thought they were. Could you please straighten me out?

Denise Wagner

San Francisco, Calif.

• *Dear Denise,*

*The printer really goofed on MICKY's story. MICKY was born in 1945; Coco is 17, DEBBIE is 8, and GINA is 6 years old. Sorry about that, but thanks for your letter.*

### COLOR YOU PINK

Dear Miss Stavers,

I've been feeling just rosy ever since I received the *Color Wallet Photos* I ordered from *16*. I mean, they're so absolutely adorable I'm happy all over!

Susan Wells

Philadelphia, Pa.

• *Dear Susan,*

*Let's hope some of that lovely color rubs off on other* 16 *readers. They can get it just by turning to Page 31!*

### RETURN OF KURT RUSSELL

Dear Miss Stavers,

I just saw KURT RUSSELL in *Follow Me, Boys*, and I think he is beautiful. Does he have a fan club?

Linda Sprague

Lewiston, Maine

• *Dear Linda,*

*Write to KURT in care of Disney Studios, 500 S. Buena Vista, Burbank, Calif.*

### DAVE CLARK'S BROTHER

Dear Miss Stavers,

I've heard that DAVE CLARK has a brother named JOHN. Could you please run a picture of him?

Sondra Rogers

St. Louis, Mo.

• *Dear Sondra,*

*Here's the one and only picture of DAVE's brother, JOHN CLARK. He is 25 years old and slightly shorter and fairer than his famous younger brother.*

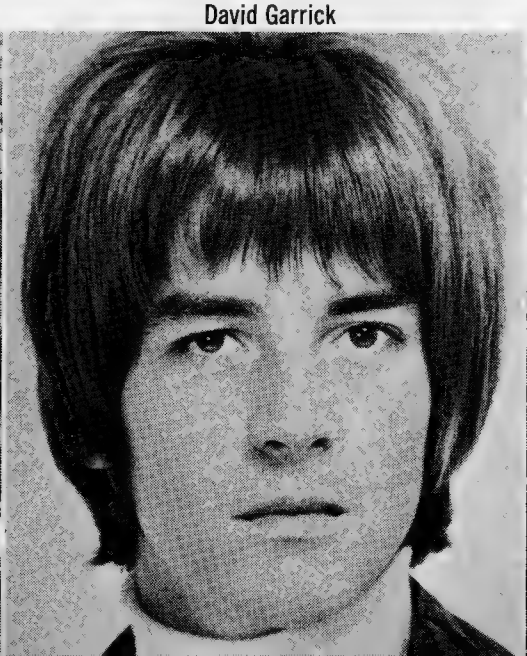
### SMITTY'S FOLKS

Dear Gloria,

I'm MIKE SMITH's aunt and I take great pride in how popular "SMITTY" has become. I love all your stories about him and the RAIDERS in *16*. Please run this picture of MIKE's GRANDMOTHER SMITH as an example of how we all feel about our famous relative and your won-

The Royal Guardsmen

David Garrick



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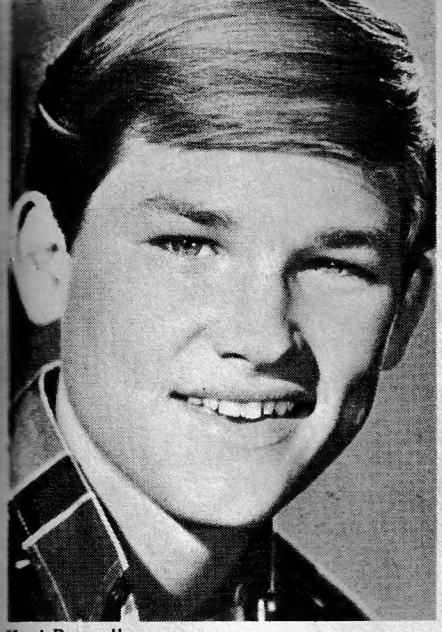


Kurt Russell

derful magazine.

Mrs. Myrtle Strong

Tigard, Ore.

**MONKEE-MANIA**

Dear Miss Stavers,

I really would like to know everything about the MONKEES that there is to know. Would you suggest one book that would clue me on every bit of MONKEE-business that exists?

Tracy Vance

Boston, Mass.

• *Dear Tracy,*

*Fast as you can, turn to Page 17. There you'll find out how to get* The Word *— for real and for true — on DAVY, MICKY and PETER.*

**GUILLOTINES SCORE**

Dear Miss Stavers,

I saw the GUILLOTINES recently on tour with the RAIDERS and I flipped over them. Would you please run a picture of them so the world can see my favorite group?

Karin Smith

Albuquerque, N. Mex.

**HERMAN HATER**

Dear Miss Stavers,

I hate HERMAN. He's a drag and he can't sing. Why do you keep putting him in

**Walt Disney, who brought joy and happiness to millions for so many years, passed away in Burbank, Calif., last December. Though his work will be carried on by Walt Disney Productions, his personal warmth and magic touch will be sorely missed by all.**

*16*? I say *out* with HERMAN and the HERMITS!

Rita Taylor

New Orleans, La.

• *Dear Rita,*

*Like I always say, you're entitled to your opinion, but I think you ought to look and listen a little closer to HERMAN and his HERMITS. They're super-lively, super-talented and super-good-looking. If you don't believe me, ask any growing girl.*

**SWEETHEARTS FOR SALE**

Dear Miss Stavers,

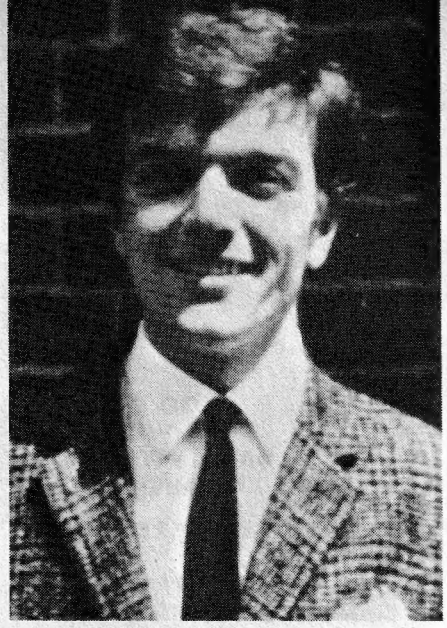
I'm thrilled about my copy of *16's Secret Sweetheart Book* you sent me. My favorite sweethearts are MARK and FANG, but I love the others too!

Midge Darby

Glenolden, Pa.

• *Dear Midge,*

*You're a sweetheart for writing such sweet words. Anybody else looking for a* Secret Sweetheart? *See Page 59!*



Dave's brother, John


**ATTENTION**
***ALL SWINGING 16-ERS!***

Ever have trouble getting *16* at your newsstand? Ever feel like having a fit when you find out the last copy has just been sold? Ever hear your girl friends tell you they can't find *16* in *their* neighborhood?

Well, you can help out and put and end to this ridiculous situation. Just fill in this coupon, cut it out and send it along with whatever else you are sending to *16*. The problem will promptly be taken care of — and *16* will be oh, so grateful to YOU!

**NEWSSTAND NEEDING 16**_____

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**Mail coupon to:**

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Mike's Grandmother Smith

The Guillotines

# NEXT TIME

***HEY, HEY! IT'S THE MONKEES!***
***YEP — THE MAY ISSUE OF 16 IS GONNA FEATURE YOUR TOP FAVE GROUP ALONG WITH ALL THE OTHER FLIPPY-HIPPY-TRIPPY TEEN STARS!***
***HERE'S JUST A SMIDGIN ON WHAT'S COMING YOUR WAY:***

**GO ON TOUR WITH DAVY, PETER, MIKE AND MICKY!**

**THE BIGGEST, GROOVIEST MONKEES PIN-UPS YOU EVER SAW!**

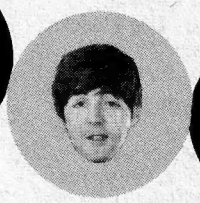
**FANTASTIC MONKEE CONTEST — MEET YOUR FAVE!**

***FANG REVEALS — MY WHOLE TRUE LIFE STORY!***

***HERMAN TALKS ABOUT MARRIAGE!!!***

WHOOP-UP ON *ACTION!*
RAVE-UP ON DC5!
GROOVE-UP ON DD&B!
JIVE-UP ON BEATLES!
PLUS THE LATEST ON ALL YOUR OTHER TOP TEEN CRAVE-RAVES!

***SPEND A DAY WITH MARK LINDSAY AND HIS BUDDY, TERRY MELCHER — (WOW! IT'S THE WILDEST TRIP YOU'LL EVER GO ON!)***



**MONKEES-MAILBOX — THE ONLY PLACE IN THE WORLD WHERE YOU CAN WRITE THEM & GET A PERSONAL ANSWER!**

**BE SURE TO RESERVE YOUR COPY OF THE MAY ISSUE OF *16* — ON SALE AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD NEWSSTAND MARCH 21!**

## ★ ★ ★ ★ F★A★N C★L★U★B★S ★ ★ ★ ★

• Since so many readers wish to join or start fan clubs, here is a list of the national fan clubs of some of the top stars. A few stars have two (sometimes more) national clubs, and in due time we will list these. We will also list local chapters from time to time, and we suggest that fans in local areas contact local club presidents about joining.

To start your own club, or to join a club in your area, write to any of the following national fan clubs for information.

ENCLOSE A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR A REPLY.

If you wish your fan club to be listed, send us the complete data — name, address, and so on — together with a note of authorization from the recognized fan club O K.-ing you. Or send a sample kit of what you will give members in exchange for dues.

**MONKEES FAN CLUB**
**Marilyn Schlossberg**
**Box 9**
**Los Angeles, Calif. 90051**
**(Send $1)**

**THE WHO OFFICIAL FAN CLUB**
**Linda Czochara**
**2410 So. Springfield Ave.**
**Chicago, Ill. 60623**

**ROGER EWING FAN CLUB**
**Cynthia Clinger**
**317 Riverside Drive**
**Clarksburg, West Va. 26301**

**REVERE & RAIDERS FAN CLUB**
**Annie Ross**
**P.O. Box 1077**
**Beverly Hills, Calif.**

**ERIC BURDON & THE ANIMALS FAN CLUB**
**(Los Angeles Branch)**
**1890 Oakmont Drive**
**Glendale, Calif. 91208**

**SUPREMES FAN CLUB**
**6722 Westbury**
**Montreal 29, Quebec, Canada**

**BEATLES U.S.A. LTD.**
**Lynn Hargrave**
**Box 505, Radio City Station**
**New York, N.Y. 10019**

**RICK NELSON OFFICIAL FAN CLUB**
**395 South Drive**
**Aberdeen, Maryland 21001**

**DRAKE LEVIN NATIONAL FAN CLUB**
**8966 Sunset Blvd.**
**Hollywood 69, Calif.**

16 COLOR
PIN-UP

*HEY...*
*IS that a MONKEE in 16?*

*YEAH–*
*BUT we're in there TOO, Paulie!*